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THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE BRITISH
POETS



THE POEMS OF BURNS
THREE VOLUMES
VOL II



THE POETICAL WORKS OF
ROBERT BURNS
VOLUME II



LONDON
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1866

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POEMS,
CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACH,*

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVOUSLY
TORMENTED BY THAT DISORDER.

MY curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang ;
And thro' my lugsgies monie a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance ;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes ;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan ; 10
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan !

* Burns suffered much from this disease. In a letter from Ellisland, in May, 1789, he complains of "an omnipotent tooth-ache engrossing all his inner man."

Adown my beard the slavers trickle !
 I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
 As round the fire the giglets keckle
 To see me loup ;
 While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
 Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
 Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools, 20
 Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
 Sad sight to see !
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
 Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
 And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
 In dreadfu' raw,
 Thou, Toothach, surely bear'st the bell
 Amang them a' ! 30

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes of discord squeel,
 Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe-thick ;—
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A towmont's Toothach !

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE PARLOUR OF
THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.



ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet
I trace ;
O'er many a winding dale and painful
steep,

Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens on my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scattered, clothe their ample sides ;
Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder¹ and amazement fills ; 10
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side ;
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste ;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste ;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream ;
The village, glittering in the noontide beam—²

VAR. ¹ pleasure.

² In a copy supposed to be in Burns' hand-writing
these lines stand thus :

The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on its verdant side ;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,
The village, glittering in the noon-tide beam—
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste ;
Nor with one single goth-conceit disgrac'd,
Poetic ardours, &c.

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

20

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
 And look through Nature with creative fire;
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds:
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch
 her scan,
 And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

ON

THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF

FAMILY DISTRESS.*



WEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
 And ward o' mony a prayer,
 What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

* These verses were written on the birth of a posthumous child of Mrs. Henri, the widow of a French gentleman, and a daughter of the poet's friend, Mrs. Dunlop. In a letter to that lady, dated in November, 1790, in reply to one informing him of her daughter's confinement, Burns says, "As

November hirlples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form ;
And gane, alas ! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.' Fate has long owed me a letter of good news from you, in return for the many tidings of sorrow which I have received. In this instance I most cordially obey the Apostle — 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice'—for me to *sing* for joy is no new thing ; but to *preach* for joy, as I have done in the commencement of this epistle, is a pitch of extravagant rapture to which I never rose before. I read your letter—I literally jumped for joy—How could such a mercurial creature as a poet lumpishly keep his seat on the receipt of the best news from his best friend ? I seized my gilt-headed Wangee rod, an instrument indispensably necessary, in my left hand, in the moment of inspiration and rapture ; and stride, stride—quick and quicker—out skipped I among the broomy banks of Nith, to muse over my joy by retail. To keep within the bounds of prose was impossible. Mrs. Little's is a more elegant, but not a more sincere compliment to the sweet little fellow than I, *extempore* almost, poured out to him, in the following verses."

The "little Floweret" and its mother are often mentioned in Burns' letters to Mrs. Dunlop. On the 7th February, 1791, he says, "I am truly happy to hear that the 'little Floweret' is blooming so fresh and fair, and that the 'mother plant' is rather recovering her drooping head. Soon and well may her 'cruel wounds' be healed!"—In April following, he begs that she will let him "hear by first post how *cher petit Monsieur* comes on with his small-pox. May Almighty Goodness preserve and restore him!"—On the 17th of December, in the same year, he says, "Many thanks to you, madam, for your good news respecting the 'little floweret' and the 'mother plant.' I hope my poetic prayers have been heard, and will be answered up to the warmest sincerity of their fullest extent ; and then Mrs. Henri will find her little darling the representative of his late parent in every thing but his abridged existence."

In the Autumn of 1792, Mrs. Henri and her infant went to the south of France, where she soon afterwards died. Burns thus feelingly adverted to her departure and death, in

May He who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blaw, 10
 Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
 The bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the Friend of woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,
 Protect and guard the mother plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds.

a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated Dumfries, 24th Sept. 1792. "I have this moment, my dear madam, yours of the twenty-third. All your other kind reproaches, your news, &c. are out of my head when I read and think on Mrs. H——'s situation. Good God! a heart-wounded helpless young woman—in a strange, foreign land, and that land convulsed with every horror that can harrow the human feelings—sick—looking, longing for a comforter, but finding none—a mother's feelings, too—but it is too much: He who wounded (He only can) may He heal! I had been from home, and did not receive your letter until my return the other day. What shall I say to comfort you, my much valued, much afflicted friend? I can but grieve with you; consolation I have none to offer, except that which religion holds out to the children of affliction—*children of affliction!*—how just the expression! and like every other family, they have matters among them which they hear, see, and feel in a serious, all-important manner, of which the world has not, nor cares to have, any idea. The world looks indifferently on, makes the passing remark, and proceeds to the next novel occurrence. Alas, madam! who would wish for many years? What is it but to drag existence until our joys gradually expire, and leave us in a night of misery; like the gloom which bolts out the stars one by one from the face of night, and leaves us without a ray of comfort, in the howling waste!" The fate of the "little Floweret" has not been ascertained. Allan Cunningham merely observes on these touching verses, that "a father was carried to his grave on the day his only daughter was born,—a type of what happened at no distant date in the Poet's own household." It is evident, however, from the above extracts that the child addressed by Burns was a son.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair in the summer morn :
 Now, feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn.

20

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR

LOCH-NESS.



AMONG the heathy hills and ragged
 woods
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy
 floods ;

Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
 Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
 As deep recoiling surges foam below,
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
 Dim-seen, thro' rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
 The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs. 10
 Still, thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
 And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils,—

.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,
A BROTHER POET.*

AULD NEEBOR,



'M three times doubly o'er your debtor,
For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter ;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair,
For my puir, silly, rhyming clatter
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle ;
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares, 10
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld gray hairs.

But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit ;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit ;
An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
Until ye fyke ;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha like.

* This Epistle was prefixed to the edition of Sillar's Poems published at Kilmarnock in 1789. Burns' "First Epistle" to David Sillar produced the answer which will be found in the Appendix, and which he here calls Davie's

"auld-farrent, frien'ly letter."

The text is taken from the copy printed with other of Burns' pieces at Glasgow, in 1801, from the Poet's own manuscript.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin' the words tae gar them clink ; 20
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masons ;
 An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think
 Braw sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commend me to the Bardie clan ;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin clink,
 The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
 They ever think. 30

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae care tae gie us joy or grievin' ;
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while ought's there,
 Then hiltie skiltie, we gae scrievin',
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme ! it's aye a treasure,
 My chief, amaist my only pleasure,
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie ! 40
 Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie :
 The warl' may play you monie a shavie ;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir,
 Na, even tho' limpin' wi' the spavie
 Frae door tae door.

THE INVENTORY,

IN ANSWER TO THE USUAL MANDATE SENT BY A
SURVEYOR OF THE TAXES,
REQUIRING A RETURN OF THE NUMBER OF HORSES,
SERVANTS, CARRIAGES, ETC. KEPT.

THIS characteristic production was not included in any edition of Burns' works prepared by himself. It was printed in the Liverpool edition, and again in the Glasgow Collection in 1801, with many additions, and it is here given from a copy in the Poet's own writing.



IR, as your mandate did request,
I send you here a faithfu' list,
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith,
To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith.

Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,
As ever drew afore a pettle;
My han' afore's* a gude auld *has-been*,
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been;
My han' ahin's† a weel gaun fillie, 10
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie,‡
An' your auld burrough mony a time,
In days when riding was nae crime—
But ance whan in my wooing pride
I like a blockhead boost to ride,
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
(Lord, pardon a' my sins an' that to !)

* The fore-horse on the left-hand in the plough. R. B.

† The hindmost on the left-hand in the plough. R. B.

‡ Kilmarnock. R. B.

I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
 She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.
 My furr-ahin's* a wordy beast, 20
 As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd,—
 The fourth's, a Highland Donald hastie,
 A damn'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie.
 Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowt's the wale, '
 As ever ran afore a tail ;
 If he be spar'd to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.—
 Wheel carriages I ha'e but few,
 Three carts, an' twa are feckly new ;
 Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token, 30
 Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken ;
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le.
 For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise ;
 A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
 Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother.
 I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
 An' aften labour them completely.
 An' ay on Sundays duly nightly, 40
 I on the questions targe them tightly ;
 Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg,
 Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
 As fast as onie in the dwelling.—
 I've nane in female servan' station,
 (Lord keep me ay frae a' temptation !)
 I ha'e nae wife ; and that my bliss is,

* The hindmost horse on the right-hand in the plough.
 R. B.

An' ye have laid nae tax on misses ;
 An' then if kirk folks dinna clutch me, 56
 I ken the devils dare na touch me.
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
 Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted.
 My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess*
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought ye like but grace.
 But her, my bonie sweet wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her already,
 An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
 B' the Lord, ye'se get them a' thegither ! 60

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
 Nae kind of license out I'm takin' ;
 Frae this time forth, I do declare,
 I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ;
 Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
 Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle ;
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank it,
 I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit !—
 The Kirk an' you may tak' you that,
 It puts but little in your pat ; 70
 Sae dinna put me in your buke,
 Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it,
 Day an' date as under notet :
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,
 Subscripsi huic,

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossiel, February 22nd, 1786.

* Vide the notes on " the Poet's welcome to his illegitimate child."

THE WHISTLE.*

A BALLAD.



SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
 I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the
 North,
 Was brought to the court of our good
 Scottish king,
 And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

* Burns says, "As the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory.—The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanals to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy Baronet of that name; who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

"And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill."

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise de-

Old Loda,* still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—

scended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field. R. B.”

The preceding note states that the contest occurred on the 16th October, 1790; but it is evident from a letter written by Burns to Captain Riddel, from Ellisland, on the same day in the preceding year, that it was then intended to take place.

“Big with the idea of this important day at Friars-Carse, I have watched the elements and skies in the full persuasion that they would announce it to the astonished world by some phenomena of terrific portent,” &c. . . “The elements however seem to take the matter very quietly; they did not even usher in this morning with triple suns and a shower of blood, symbolical of the three potent heroes and the mighty claret-shed of the day. For me, as Thomson says, I shall ‘hear astonished, and astonished sing,’

“The Whistle and the man I sing,
The man that won the Whistle,” &c.

“Here are we met, three merry boys,” &c.

He concluded by wishing that his correspondent’s “head may be crowned with laurels to-night, and free from aches to-morrow.”

Mr. Allan Cunningham says the Bard appears to have prepared himself for a contest which did not take place until a year afterwards; and that the Whistle was contended for on the 16th October, 1790, “in the dining-room of Friars-Carse in Burns’ presence, who drank bottle and bottle with the competitors, and seemed disposed to take up the conqueror.” As Burns was living within a very short distance of Friars-Carse, it is singular he should have been ignorant of the postponement of the contest, on the very morning of the day on which it was to occur. That some mistake exists on this point, is evident from the note which the Poet has prefixed to the Ballad, for he there says the Whistle was contended for on *Friday*, the 16th of October, 1790; whereas, in 1789, the 16th October fell on a *Friday*, but in 1790 it happened on *Saturday*. It is most probable that the Ballad was written in 1789, even if the contest itself did not occur until the following year.

* See Ossian’s Caric-thura. R. B.

“ This Whistle’s your challenge, in Scotland get
“ o’er,
“ And drink them to hell, Sir, or ne’er see me
more ! ”

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur’d, what champions fell ; 10
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch’d at the bottle, unconquer’d in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e’er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain’d,
Which now in his house has for ages remain’d ;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew’d. 20

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of
flaw ;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law ;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill’d in old coins ;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil ;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

‘ By the gods of the ancients ! ’ Glenriddel replies,
‘ Before I surrender so glorious a prize, 30

I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.'

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to
fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely
dame. 40

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy ;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they
were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er ;
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core, 50
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides. R. B.

Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage ;
A high-ruling elder to wallow in wine !
He left the foul business to folks less divine. 60

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
But who can with Fate and quart bumpers contend ?
Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light ;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink :—
' Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall
sink !

' But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
' Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime !

' Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with
Bruce,

' Shall heroes and patriots ever produce : 70

' So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay ;

' The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of
day !'

SKETCH

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

BURNS in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop from Ellisland, 4th April, 1789, says, "I no sooner hit on any poetic plan or fancy, but I wish to send it to you; and if knowing and reading these give half the pleasure to you that communicating them to you gives to me, I am satisfied.

"I have a poetic whim in my head, which I at present dedicate, or rather inscribe, to the Right Hon. C. J. Fox; but how long that fancy may hold, I cannot say. A few of the first lines I have just rough-sketched, as follows:"

This "Sketch" was not printed in any edition of the Poet's works revised by himself.



OW Wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and
unite;

How Virtue and Vice blend their black
and their white;

How Genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction,
I sing; If these mortals, the Critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I,—let the Critics go whistle!

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory,
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou, first of our orators, first of our wits,
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem just lucky
hits;

10

With knowledge so vast, and with judgement so
strong,

No man, with the half of 'em, e'er went far wrong;

With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man, with the half of 'em e'er went quite right ;
 A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses.
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.
 Good Lord, what is man ! for as simple he looks,
 Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks,
 With his depths and his shadows, his good and
 his evil,
 All in all, he's a problem must puzzle the devil. 20

On his one ruling Passion Sir Pope hugely¹ labours,
 That, like th' old Hebrew walking switch, eats up
 its neighbours :

Mankind are² his show-box— a³ friend, would you
 know him ?

Pull the string, Ruling Passion, the picture will
 show him.

What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
 One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd
 him !

For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
 Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
 And think Human-nature they truly describe ; 30
 Have you found this, or t'other ? there's more in
 the wind,

As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
 But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan
 In the make of the wonderful creature called Man,
 No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,

VAR. ¹ warmly. MS. in Burns' writing.

² Human nature's. MS. ³ your. MS.

Nor even two different shades of the same,
 Though like as was ever twin-brother to brother,
 Possessing the one shall⁴ imply you've the other.

* But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,
 Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to
 peruse: 40

Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your
 quarrels,

Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.
 My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
 Your courage much more than your prudence you
 show it,

In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
 He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;
 Net cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
 He'd up the back-stairs, and by G—he would steal
 'em.

Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can atchieve
 'em, 49

It is not, outdo him,—the task is, out-thieve him.

VAR. ⁴ must. MS.

* The following twelve lines first appeared in the Aldine edition of Burns [1839], and were printed from a MS. in the Poet's own writing, in the possession of the late Mr. Pickering.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.*

Ellisland, 21st Oct. 1789.

WOW, but your letter made me vauntie !
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie ?
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
 Wad bring ye to :
 Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
 And then ye'll do.

* In answer to the following Poetical Epistle from Dr. Blacklock.

Edinburgh, 24th August, 1789.

“ Dear Burns, thou brother of my heart,
 Both for thy virtues and thy art :
 If art it may be call'd in thee,
 Which Nature's bounty, large and free,
 With pleasure on thy breast diffuses,
 And warms thy soul with all the Muses ;
 Whether to laugh with easy grace,
 Thy numbers move the sage's face,
 Or bid the softer passions rise,
 And ruthless souls with grief surprise,
 'Tis Nature's voice distinctly felt,
 Thro' thee, her organ, thus to melt.
 Most anxiously I wish to know
 With thee of late how matters go ;
 How keeps thy much-lov'd Jean her health ?
 What promises thy farm of wealth ?
 Whether the Muse persists to smile,
 And all thy anxious cares beguile ?
 Whether bright fancy keeps alive ?
 And how thy darling infants thrive ?
 For me, with grief and sickness spent,
 Since I my journey homeward bent,
 Spirits depress'd no more I mourn,
 But vigour, life, and health return.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
 Wha by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

30

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is—
 I need na vaunt,
 But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
 Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
 I'm weary sick o't late and air!
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than monie ithers;
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers?

40

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair;
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time),
 To make a happy fire-side clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

50

The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
" You're one year older this important day." 10
If wiser too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—" think !"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flushed with hope
and spirit,

Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say,
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way;
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle; 20
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care !
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important *now* !
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers bliss to give and to receive. 30

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET,
OF MONBODDO.*

LIFE ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a
blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

* Burns' admiration of Miss Burnet was very great. He not only celebrated her charms in his "Address to Edinburgh," but spoke of her with enthusiasm in many of his letters. This beautiful young woman died of consumption, in her twenty-fifth year, in 1789. Cunningham, in a letter to the Poet from Edinburgh, on the 25th May, 1789, observes, in answer to one from him in the preceding February, wherein he mentioned her as being "dear to her guardian angel," "It was remarkable your introducing the name of Miss Burnet, at a time when she was in such ill health; and I am sure it will grieve your gentle heart to hear of her being in the last stage of consumption. Alas! that so much beauty, innocence, and virtue, should be nipt in the bud. Hers was the smile of cheerfulness—of sensibility, not of allurements; and her elegance of manners corresponded with the purity and elevation of her mind."

On the 23rd of January, 1791, Burns informed Cunningham, "I have these several months been hammering at an elegy on the amiable and accomplished Miss Burnet. I have got, and can get, no farther than the following fragment; on which please give me your strictures. In all kinds of poetic composition, I set great store by your opinion; but in sentimental verses, in the poetry of the heart, no Roman catholic ever set more value on the infallibility of the holy father than I do on yours."

Early in the ensuing month he wrote to Mrs. Dunlop:—

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
 In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
 In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
 As by His noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
 Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
 Ye woodland choir that chant your idle loves, 11
 Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;
 Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;
 Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens,
 To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their worth,
 Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
 And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
 And not a Muse in honest grief bewail? 20

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
 And virtue's light, that beams beyond the
 spheres;
 But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
 Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

"I do not remember if ever I mentioned to you my having an idea of composing an elegy on the late Miss Burnet of Monboddo. I had the honour of being pretty well acquainted with her, and have seldom felt so much at the loss of an acquaintance, as when I heard that so amiable and accomplished a piece of God's work was no more. I have as yet gone no farther than the following fragment, of which please let me have your opinion. You know that Elegy is a subject so much exhausted, that any new idea on the business is not to be expected; 'tis well if we can place an old idea in a new light."

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
 That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care ;
 So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree ;
 So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.*

THE FOLLOWING POEM WAS WRITTEN

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT

HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE

IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
 And, faith, to me, 'twas really new !
 How guess'd ye, Sir, what maist I
 wanted ?

This monie a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
 To ken what French mischief was brewin' ;
 Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin' ;
 That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
 If Venus yet had got his nose off ;
 Or how the collieshangie works
 Atween the Russians and the Turks ; 10
 Or if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would play anither Charles the Twalt :
 If Denmark, any body spak o't ;
 Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't ;
 How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin' ;
 How libbet Italy was singin' ;
 If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,

* This verse does not occur in the copy which Burns sent to Cunningham on the 23rd January, 1791, but it is in the copy which he enclosed to Mrs. Dunlop on the 7th of February following.

Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss :
 Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britain's court, kept up the game : 20
 How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him !
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ;
 If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
 Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in ;
 How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin ;
 How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
 Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd ;
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls ; 30
 If that daft buckie, Geordie W***s,
 Was threshin still at hizzies' tails ;
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
 And no a perfect kintra cooser.—
 A' this and mair I never heard of ;
 And but for you I might despair'd of.
 So gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray a' guid things may attend you !

Ellisland, Monday Morning, 1790.

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.*


 HIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
 I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
 October twenty-third,
 A ne'er to be forgotten day,

* Basil William, Lord Daer, son and heir apparent of Dunbar, fourth Earl of Selkirk, died, unmarried, in his

Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at drucken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken ;

• I've even join'd the honour'd jorum, 10
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin,
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,
Up higher yet, my bonnet !
And sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.

But, oh ! for Hogarth's magic pow'r !
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r, 20
And how he star'd and stammer'd
When goavan, as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
He in the parlour hammer'd.

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his Lordship steal't a look,
Like some portentous omen ;

thirty-second year, in 1794. He was introduced to the Poet by Dugald Stewart, at Edinburgh, on the 23rd of October, 1786, and was the first man of rank whom Burns ever met in society. The young nobleman's kind and frank manners made a favourable impression on his mind which was never removed. In a letter to Dr. M'Kenzie, at Mauchline, he says, "the foregoing verses were really extempore, but a little corrected since."

Except good sense and social glee,
 An' (what surprised me) modesty,
 I marked nought uncommon. 30

I watch'd the symptoms o' the great,
 The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming;
 The feint a pride, nae pride had he,
 Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his lordship I shall learn,
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern
 One rank as weel's another;
 Nae honest worthy man need care 40
 To meet with noble youthful Daer,
 For he but meets a brother.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER
 BENEFIT NIGHT.*

HILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty
 things,
 The fate of Empires and the fall of
 Kings;
 While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
 And even children lisp The Rights of Man;

* Burns sent this Prologue to Miss Fontenelle, with the following letter:—

“ Madam,—In such a bad world as ours, those who add to

Amid the mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some¹ attention.

First, in the Sexes' intermix'd connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is, Protection.—
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of Fate, 10

VAR. ¹ claim some small.

the scanty sum of our pleasures, are positively our benefactors. To you, Madam, on our humble Dumfries boards, I have been more indebted for entertainment than ever I was in prouder Theatres. Your charms as a woman would insure applause to the most indifferent Actress, and your theatrical talents would secure admiration to the plainest figure. This, Madam, is not the unmeaning, or insidious compliment of the frivolous or interested; I pay it from the same honest impulse that the sublime of Nature excites my admiration, or her beauties give me delight.

"Will the foregoing lines be of any service to you on your approaching benefit night? If they will, I shall be prouder of my Muse than ever. They are nearly extempore: I know they have no great merit; but though they shall add but little to the entertainment of the evening, they give me the happiness of an opportunity to declare how much I have the honor to be," &c.

On forwarding a copy to Mrs. Dunlop, in Dunbar, 1792, he said, "We in this country here have many alarms of the reforming, or rather, the republican spirit, of your part of the kingdom. Indeed, we are a good deal in commotion ourselves. For me, I am a *placeman*, you know; a very humble one indeed, Heaven knows, but still so much so as to gag me. What my private sentiments are you will find out without an interpreter.

"I have been taking up the subject in another view; and the other day, for a pretty actress's benefit-night, I wrote an address, which I will give on the other page, called, 'The Rights of Woman.'"

According to Mr. Allan Cunningham, Miss Fontenelle "was young and pretty, and indulgent in levities both of speech and action."

Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
 Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless² here is caution,
 To keep that Right inviolate's the fashion,
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,
 He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis Decorum.
 There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
 A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
 Would swagger, swear, get drunk,³ kick up a riot,
 Nay, even thus invade a Lady's quiet!— 20
 Now, thank our stars! those Gothic times are fled:
 Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred!
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
 Such conduct, neither spirit, wit, nor manners.*

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
 That Right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
 Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
 Most humbly own⁴—'tis dear, dear admiration!
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
 There taste⁵ that life of life—immortal Love.— 30
 Sighs, tears, smiles, glances, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

Then truce with kings, and truce with consti-
 tutions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions!
 Let Majesty your first attention summon,
 Ah! ça ira! THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

VAR. ² idle. ³ Got drunk, would swagger, swear.

⁴ Must fall before. ⁵ And thence.

* An ironical allusion to the Saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt.

ADDRESS, SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE,

ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, DECEMBER 4, 1795,

AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.



TILL anxious to secure your partial
favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night,
than ever,

A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
"Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better ;
So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes ;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed ;
And last, my Prologue-business slily hinted.
"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of
rhymes,

"I know your bent—these are no laughing times :
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears, 11
Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears ?
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance ;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land ?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying ?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay, more, the world shall
know it ; 20

And so, your servant ! gloomy Master Poet !

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fixed belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief;
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch! 30
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy
neck—

Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Peerest to meditate the healing leap:
Wouldst thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific, 40
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.¹

IN July, 1794, Burns told Thomson, "I have presented a copy of your songs to the daughter of a much-valued and much-honoured friend of mine, Mr. Graham, of Fintry. I wrote, on the blank side of the title-page, the following address to the young lady:"



ERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal
lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful² num-
bers join'd,
Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian-feeling in thy breast
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among!
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph song!

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe³ reveals; 10
While conscious Virtue⁴ all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals!

VAR. ¹ his poems.
³ secret tale.

² strains divine and sacred.
⁴ Virtue, conscious.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.*



HAIL, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
 In chase o' thee, what crowds hae
 swerv'd.
 Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
 And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
 'Mid a' thy favours!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
 While loud, the trump's heroic clang,
 And sock or buskin skelp alang
 To death or marriage; 10
 Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
 But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
 Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
 Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
 Horatian fame;
 In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
 Even Sappho's flame.

* Gilbert Burns says, that though this Poem was found by Dr. Currie among Burns' papers, and in his writing, there is some doubt whether he was the author. Mr. Allan Cunningham thinks that the second verse alone would go far to remove all doubts: "the lines too which characterize the Pastorals of Pope, and the concluding stanza of the Poem, bear," he says, "the Burns' stamp, which no one has been successful in counterfeiting."

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches ?
 They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches ; 20
 Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
 O' heathen tatters :
 I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
 Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace ;
 And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
 A rival place ? 30

Yes ! there is ane ; a Scottish callan—
 There's ane ; come forrit, honest Allan !
 Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever ;
 The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,
 But thou's for ever !

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
 In thy sweet Caledonian lines ;
 Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel, 40
 While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
 Her griefs will tell !

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
 Where bonie lasses bleach their claes ;
 Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorns gray,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel';
 Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell ;
 Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
 O' witchin' love ;
 That charm that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF THE
LAST EDITION OF HIS POEMS, PRESENTED TO
THE LADY WHOM HE HAD OFTEN CELEBRATED UNDER
THE NAME OF CHLORIS.*

IS Friendship's pledge, my young, fair
friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralizing muse.

* About May or June, 1795, Burns sent the following verses to Mr. Thomson with this description of them: "Written on the blank leaf of a copy of the last edition [i. e. 1794,] of my poems, presented to the lady, whom, in so many fictitious reveries of passion, but with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of Chloris." The lady in question was Miss Jean Lorimer, of Craigieburn Wood, near Moffat, whose history was unfortunate. She married an officer called Whelpdale, but in consequence of his misconduct, lived with him only a few months. After her separation she resided at Dumfries, where the Poet often met her; and she seems to have inspired him with admiration and esteem. He has touchingly adverted to her misfortunes in these verses.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower, 10
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind ;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind !

Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part ;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart. 20

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove :
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM
TYTLER,

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.*

EVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected,
A name, which to love, was the mark
of a true heart,
But now 'tis despis'd and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen† to right it; 10
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should be scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry,
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;
Their title's avow'd by my country.

* Mr. Tytler, besides other works, was the author of an elegant and elaborate, if not successful, defence of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. His son, Lord Woodhouselee, was distinguished in literature as well as law; and Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee's grandson, has well sustained the literary fame of his family, in the third generation, by his "History of Scotland," and other valuable publications.

† "died," in Burns' hand, and altered apparently by Lord Woodhouselee.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
 That gave us the Hanover* stem.
 If bringing them over was lucky for us,
 I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them. 20

But, loyalty, truce ! we're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter ?
 The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,
 To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care ;
 But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades in your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night ; 30
 But you like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright.

SKETCH—NEW-YEAR DAY.†

TO MRS. DUNLOP.



HIS Day Time winds th' exhausted
 chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again:
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,

* Burns wrote "Electoral," but Lord W. altered it to "Hanover."

† This Sketch is descriptive of the family of Burns' venerable friend Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop. On a copy in the

Adjust the unimpair'd machine
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer,
Deaf, as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less. 10
Will you (the Major's* with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds ;
Coila's fair Rachel's† care to-day,
And blooming Keith's‡ engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
—That grandchild's cap will make to-morrow—
And join with me a moralizing,
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver ?
“ Another year is gone for ever.” 20
And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
“ The passing moment's all we rest on ! ”
Rest on—for what ? what do we here ?
Or why regard the passing year ?
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more ?

Poet's hand-writing, with which the verses have been collated, he wrote—

“ On second thoughts I send you this extempore blotted sketch. It is just the first random scrawl ; but if you think the Piece worth while, I shall retouch it and finish it. Tho' I have no copy of it, my memory serves me.” It does not appear from this manuscript what year the “ Sketch ” was written, nor to whom the copy in question was sent.

* Major, afterwards General Andrew Dunlop, Mrs. Dunlop's second son. He died, unmarried, in 1804.

† Miss Rachel Dunlop, who afterwards married Robert Glasgow, Esq.

‡ Miss Keith Dunlop, the youngest daughter.

A few days may, a few years must,
Repose us in the silent dust ;
Then is it wise to damp our bliss ?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss ! 30
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies ;
That on this frail, uncertain state
Hang matters of eternal weight ;
That future-life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone ;
Whether as Heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woful night.—

Since then, my honor'd, first of friends, 40
On this poor being all depends ;
Let us th' important Now employ,
And live as those that never die.

Tho' you, with days and honors crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse ;
A sight pale Envy to convulse ;)
Others may claim your chief regard ;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

EXTEMPORE, ON MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE,

AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL
HISTORY, AND MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND
ROYAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.



SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan
came,*

The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout,
the same ;

His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night ;
His uncomb'd grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd :
Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALTAR

TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGHTRY, SEAT OF
MR. HERON.—WRITTEN IN SUMMER, 1795.



HOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd ;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to
brave,

Who wilt not be, nor have a slave ;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

* The Poet and Mr. Smellie were members of a club in
Edinburgh, called the Crochallan Fencibles.

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER
CAPRICE.*



OW cold is that bosom which folly once
fired,
How pale is that cheek where the
rouge lately glisten'd !
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd !

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd ;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unlov'd.

* The subject of this satire was the beautiful Mrs. Riddel of Woodlee Park, who had shown Burns much kindness. Having, however, according to Mr. Allan Cunningham, once attempted to salute her, she punished the insult by withdrawing her friendship; and he took his revenge by charging her, in these verses, with caprice. She afterwards generously forgave him his impertinence, as well as this unmerited attack. Before this affair, Burns had, however, occasionally accused her of being *capricious*. He wrote to her in 1794:—"I meant to have called on you yesternight, but as I edged up to your box door, the first object which greeted my view, was one of those lobster-coated puppies, sitting like another dragon guarding the Hesperian fruit." In another letter, written to her about the same time, he says, "I have often told you, my dear friend, that you had a *spice of caprice* in your composition; and you have as often disavowed it, even perhaps while your opinions were at the moment irrefragably proving it. Could *any thing* estrange me from a friend such as you? No. To-morrow I shall have the honour of waiting on you. Farewell, thou first of friends, and most accomplished of women, *even with all thy little caprices*." They had, however, quarrelled before he wrote his next letter; and it was probably in the interval that he vented his chagrin in this Monody.

es, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;
 lo shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :
 come, all ye offspring of Folly so true, 11
 and flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

'Tl search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
 Ve'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed ;
 chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
 for none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash
 deed.

'Tl sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay ;
 Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre ;
 ere keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
 Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his
 ire. 20

THE EPITAPH.

RE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
 What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam :
 nt only of wisdom denied her respect,
 Vant only of goodness, denied her esteem.

NETT, ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT
 RIDDEL, ESQ. OF GLENRIDDEL.

APRIL, 1794.



O more, ye warblers of the wood—no
 more !
 Nor pour your descant, grating, on
 my soul ;
 hou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
 ewelcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
 The strain flows round th' untimely tomb where
 Riddel lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe!
 And sooth the Virtues weeping on this bier: 10
 The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,
 Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joys shall others greet;
 Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

IMPROMPTU,
 ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTH-DAY,

NOVEMBER 4, 1793.*



LD Winter with his frosty beard,
 Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd,—
 What have I done, of all the year,
 To bear this hated doom severe?

My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
 Night's horrid car drags, dreary slow;
 My dismal months no joys are crowning,
 But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

* It seems, from the date, that these verses were written before the fair lady's "caprice" had excited the Poet's ire.

Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
 To counterbalance all this evil ; 10
 Give me, and I've no more to say,
 Give me Maria's natal day !
 That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me ;
 " 'Tis done !" says Jove ; so ends my story,
 And Winter once rejoic'd in glory.

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES, WITH

BOOKS WHICH THE BARD PRESENTED HER.*

HINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
 And with them take the Poet's prayer—
 That fate may in her fairest page,
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name ;
 With native worth, and spotless fame,
 And wakeful caution still aware
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare :
 All blameless joys on earth we find,
 And all the treasures of the mind— 10
 These be thy guardian and reward ;
 So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

* The amiable person to whom these verses are addressed is entitled to the esteem and respect of all to whom the memory of Burns is dear. "She watched over him and his little household during his declining days," says Mr. Allan Cunningham, "with all the affectionate reverence of a daughter."

EXTEMPORE TO MR. SYME,* ON REFUSING

TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN
 PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY, AND THE FIRST
 OF COOKERY, 17TH DECEMBER, 1795.

 O more of your guests, be they titled or not,
 And cook'ry the first in the nation;
 Who is proof to thy personal converse and
 wit,
 Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME, WITH A PRESENT OF A
DOZEN OF PORTER.

 HAD the malt thy strength of mind,
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
 'Twere drink for first of human kind,
 A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

* "John Syme, of Ryedale, was," says Allan Cunningham, "the constant companion of Burns. He was a gentleman of education and talent; a wit, an epigrammatist, a rhymers, and an admirable teller of a story." In one of his letters, Burns tells him, "You know that, among other high dignities, you have the honour to be my supreme court of critical judicature, from which there is no appeal."

SONNET,*

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING
WALK IN JANUARY, WRITTEN 25TH JANUARY, 1793,
THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR, R. B. AGED 34.

ING on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless
bough ;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy
strain :

See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank Thee, Author of this opening day !
Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies !
Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys, 11
What wealth could never give nor take away !

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care ;
The mite high Heav'n bestow'd, that mite with
thee I'll share.

* Collated with a MS. on which Burns has written, "To Mr. Syme, from the Author." It does not occur in the edition of 1793 or 1794.

POEM, ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL,

COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES, 1796.

FRIEND of the Poet, tried and leal,
 Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
 Alake, alake, the meikle Deil
 Wi' a' his witches
 Are at it, skelpin ! jig and reel,
 In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
 That one pound one, I sairly want it :
 If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
 It would be kind ; 10
 And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
 I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
 To see the new come laden, groaning,
 Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin
 To thee and thine ;
 Domestic peace and comforts crowning
 The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

YE'VE heard this while how I've been licket,
 And by fell death was nearly nicket : 20
 Grim loun ! he gat me by the fecket,
 And sair me sheuk ;

But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promis'd mair o't,*
My heal and weal I'll take a care o't
A tentier way :
Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye. 30

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE
HAD OFFENDED.†



HE friend whom wild from wisdom's way
The fumes of wine infuriate send ;
(Not moony madness more astray ;)
Whobutdeplores that hapless friend ?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah why should I such scenes outlive ?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart !
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

* The Poet's hopes, alas ! were not realized. He died soon after these lines were written.

† Allan Cunningham says the excess, which the Poet laments, occurred at the table of Mrs. Riddel, and that under the influence of wine, he had spoken of "thrones" and "dominations" and "epauletted puppies," in terms which gave offence.

POEM ON LIFE, ADDRESSED TO COLONEL
DE PEYSTER,* DUMFRIES, 1796.

MY honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it;
And fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve: 10
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;
Syne wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and fripp'ry deck her;
Oh! flick'ring, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Aye wav'ring like the willow wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrans by a rattan, 20

* Colonel De Peyster had distinguished himself in the American war, and afterwards commanded the volunteers of Dumfries, to which corps Burns belonged. These verses were written in the Poet's last illness.

Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
 Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
 He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it isna fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonie lasses rare,
 To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
 O' hell's damn'd waft. 30

Poor man, the flie, aft bizzies by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks with joy,
 And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
 Thy sicker treasure.

Soon heels-o'er-gowdy! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
 And murd'ring wrestle, 40
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivell,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the Devil!
 Amen! amen!

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY,
ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.



CALL no Goddess to inspire my
strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a Bard that
feigns ;

Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons recorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light !
And all ye many sparkling stars of night ;
If aught that giver from my mind efface ;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace ; 10
Then roll to me, along your wand'ring spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years !

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.*



AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blest ;
The friend of man, the friend of truth ;
The friend of age, and guide of youth :
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :
If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

* It has not been ascertained for whom this Epitaph was intended.

VERSES WRITTEN AT SELKIRK.*

AULD chuckie Reekie's † sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel burnish't
crest,
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best,
Willie's awa !

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight;
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
An' trig an' brow : 10
But now they'll busk her like a fright,
Willie's awa !

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd ;
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd ;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law :
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
Willie's awa !

* Burns sent these verses to his publisher, Mr. Creech, in a letter dated, Selkirk, 13th May, 1787, wherein he says, "The inclosed I have just wrote, nearly extempore, in a solitary inn in Selkirk, after a miserable wet day's riding. I have been over most of East Lothian, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Selkirkshires, and next week I begin a tour through the north of England."—"I would write till I would tire you as much with dull prose, as I dare say by this time you are with wretched verse; but I am jaded to death."

† Edinburgh.

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
 Frae colleges and boarding-schools, *
 May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
 In glen or shaw ;
 He wha could brush them down to mools,
 Willie's awa !

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer*
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour ;
 He was a dictionar and grammar
 Amang them a' ;
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer,
 Willie's awa ! †

Nae mair we see his levee door
 Philosophers and Poets pour,†
 And toothy critics by the score,
 In bloody raw,
 The adjutant o' a' the core,
 Willie's awa !

Now worthy Gregory's latin face,
 Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace ;
 M'Kenzie, Stuart, sic a brace
 As Rome ne'er saw ; †
 They a' maun meet some ither place,
 Willie's awa !

Poor Burns e'en Scotch drink canna quicker
 He cheeps like some bewildered chicken

* The Chamber of Commerce of Edinburgh, of which Mr. Creech was secretary.

† Many literary gentlemen were accustomed to meet at Mr. Creech's house at breakfast.

Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
 By hoodie-craw ;
 Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin',
 Willie's awa !

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd grinin' blellum,
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him ; 50
 And self-conceited critic skellum
 His quill may draw ;
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
 Willie's awa !

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
 While tempests blaw ;
 But every joy and pleasure's fled,
 Willie's awa ! 60

May I be slander's common speech ;
 A text for infamy to preach ;
 And lastly, streekit out to bleach
 In winter snaw ;
 When I forget thee, WILLIE CREECH,
 Tho' far awa !

May never wicked fortune touzle him !
 May never wicked men bamboozle him !
 Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
 He canty claw ! 70
 Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
 Fleet wing awa !

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMBSTONE*

ERECTED BY BURNS TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSSON.

"Here lies Robert Fergusson, Poet,
Born, September 5th, 1751—Died,
16th October, 1774."



O sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous
lay,
'No storied urn nor animated bust ;'
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's
way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

* Burns applied for leave to erect a tombstone to Fergusson on the 6th February, 1787, in the following letter :

"To the honourable Bailies of Canongate, Edinburgh.

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to be told that the remains of Robert Fergusson, the so justly celebrated poet, a man whose talents, for ages to come, will do honour to our Caledonian name, lie in your church-yard, among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown. Some memorial to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish song, when they wish to shed a tear over the 'narrow house' of the bard who is no more, is surely a tribute due to Fergusson's memory ; a tribute I wish to have the honour of paying. I petition you, then, gentlemen, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his revered ashes, to remain an unalienable property to his deathless fame. I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your very humble servant,

"Robert Burns."

On one side the Stone the above inscription is engraved : and on the other side,—

"By special grant of the Managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this Burial-Place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of Robert Fergusson."

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.



THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want !
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent :
And, if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent ;
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord, bless us with content !
Amen !

A VERSE COMPOSED AND REPEATED BY

BURNS, TO THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE,
ON TAKING LEAVE AT A PLACE IN THE HIGHLANDS,
WHERE HE HAD BEEN HOSPITABLY
ENTERTAINED.*



WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come ;
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome.

* Burns made a tour to the Highlands in 1787.

LIBERTY.* A FRAGMENT.



HEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred
song,

To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty dead!

Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!

Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.

10

Is this the power in Freedom's war,
That wont to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing,

* Burns wrote to Mrs. Dunlop from Castle Douglas, on the 25th June, 1794.

"Here in a solitary inn, in a solitary village, am I set by myself, to amuse my brooding fancy as I may." . . . "I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I paced along the road. The subject is LIBERTY. You know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular Ode for General Washington's birth-day. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other Kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus:

Thee, Caledonia, &c."

No more of this Poem has been found; but Mr. Allan Cunningham says "fragmentary strains were numerous among the Poet's papers."

That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
 Brav'd usurpation's boldest daring !
 One quench'd in darkness like the sinking star,
 And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

ELEGY* ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT
 RUISSEAU.†

OW Robin lies in his last lair,
 He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair,
 Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
 Nae mair shall fear him :
 Nor anxious fear, nor cankert care
 E'er mair come near him.

To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
 Except the moment that they crush't him ;
 For sune as chance or fate had husht 'em, 10
 Tho' e'er sae short,
 Then wi' a rhyme or sang he lasht 'em,
 And thought it sport.

Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
 And counted was baith wight and stark,
 Yet that was never Robin's mark
 To mak a man ;
 But tell him, he was learn'd and clark,
 Ye roos'd him than !

* As this Elegy occurs among Burns' memoranda, dated in May, 1784 or 1785, which were printed by Cromek, it was probably written about that time.

† Ruisseaux:—a play upon his own name.

ANSWER TO VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE POET

BY THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE.*

GUIDWIFE,



MIND it weel, in early date,
When I was beardless, young and
blate,
An' first could thresh the barn,
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh,
An' tho' forfoughten sair eneugh,
Yet unco proud to learn :
When first amang the yellow corn
A man I reckon'd was,
And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
Could rank my rig and lass,
Still shearing, and clearing
The tither stooked raw,
Wi' claivers, an' haivers,
Wearing the day awa.

10

Ev'n then a wish, (I mind its power,)
A wish that to my latest hour,
Shall strongly heave my breast ;
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan, or beuk could make,
Or sing a Sang at least.

20

* The lady to whom these verses are addressed was the late Mrs. Scott, of Wauchope, who was both a painter and a poetess; and Allan Cunningham, as a specimen of her skill in verse, has given the copy of her letter to Burns to which this was the answer.

The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear,
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 An' spar'd the symbol dear :
 No nation, no station,
 My envy e'er could raise ;
 A Scot still, but blot still,
 I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang, 30
 Wild floated in my brain ;
 Till on that har'st I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She rous'd the forming strain :
 I see her yet, the sonsie quean,
 That lighted up her jingle,
 Her witching smile, her pauky een,
 That gart my heart-strings tingle ;
 I fired, inspired,
 At ev'ry kindling keek, 40
 But bashing, and dashing.
 I feared aye to speak.

Health to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 An' we to share in common :
 The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
 The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
 Is rapture-giving woman.
 Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
 Be mindfu' o' your mither : 50
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 VOL. II. F

That ye're connected with her,
 Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,
 That slight the lovely dears;
 To shame ye, disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest birkie swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,

Thanks to you for your line:
 The marbled plaid ye kindly spare,
 By me should gratefully be ware;
 'Twad please me to the nine.

I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,
 Douce hingin' owre my curple,

Than ony ermine ever lap,
 Or proud imperial purple.

Fareweel then, lang heal then,

An' plenty be your fa':

May losses and crosses

Ne'er at your hallan ca'.

March, 1787.

60

70

TO J. LAPRAIK.*

Sept. 13th, 1785.



GUID speed an' further to you, Johny,
 Guid health, hale han's and weather
 bonie;
 Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany

* This is the third Epistle from Burns to Lapraik. Allan Cunningham says, it was published by Lapraik in the collection of his own poems, but it does not occur therein, nor in any edition of Burns' Works prepared by himself. Cromek, however, printed it among the Reliques of Burns, in 808.

The staff o' bread,
 May ye ne'er want a stoup o' brany
 To clear your head.

May Boreas never thresh your rigs,
 Nor kick your rickles aff their legs,
 Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' hags
 Like drivin' wrack; 10
 But may the tapmast grain that wags
 Come to the sack.

I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it,
 But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it,
 Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it
 Wi' muckle wark,
 An' took my jocteleg* an' whatt it,
 Like ony clerk.

It's now twa month that I'm your debtor,
 For your braw, nameless, dateless letter, 20
 Abusin' me for harsh ill-nature
 On holy men,
 While Deil a hair yoursel ye're better,
 But mair profane.

But let the kirk-folk ring their bells,
 Let's sing about our noble sels;
 We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
 To help, or roose us,
 But browster wives† an' whiskie stills,
 They are the Muses. 30

* A knife.

† Alehouse wives.

Your friendship, Sir, I winna quat it,
 An' if ye mak objections at it,
 Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it,
 An' witness take,
 An' when wi' Usquebae we've wat it
 It winna break.

But if the beast and branks be spar'd
 Till kye be gaun without the herd,
 An' a' the vittel in the yard,
 An' theekit right,
 I mean your ingle-side to guard
 Ae winter night.

Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ
 Shall make us baith sae blithe an' witty,
 Till ye forget ye're auld an' gatty,
 An' be as canty
 As ye were nine years less than thretty,
 Sweet ane an' twenty!

But stooks are cowpet * wi' the blast,
 An' now the sinn keeks in the west,
 Then I maun rin amang the rest
 An' quit my chanter;
 Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
 Your's, Rab the Ranter.†

* Tumbled over.

† "It is very probable," says Cromek, "that the I thus named himself after the 'Border Piper,' so spiritedly introduced into the popular song of 'Maggie Lauder.'"

"For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is *Rob the Ranter*;
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter."

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH,*

ENCLOSING A COPY OF HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER,
WHICH HE HAD REQUESTED.

Sept. 17th, 1785.

WHILE at the stook the shearers cower
To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r,
Or in gulravage rinnin scour
To pass the time,
To you I dedicate the hour
In idle rhyme.

My musie, tir'd wi' monie a sonnet
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet,
Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
Lest they shou'd blame her, 10
An' rouse their holy thunder on it,
And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, and rather hardy,
That I, a simple countra bardie,
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack so sturdy,
Wha, if they ken me,
Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Loose hell upon me.

* This Epistle, says Mr. Allan Cunningham, was addressed to a very worthy minister in the west of Scotland, who believed and preached the New Light. It was written as an envelope to "Holy Willie's Prayer," of which Mr. M'Math had requested a copy.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces, 30
 Their three-mile prayers, and hauf-mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

There's Gaun,* miska't waur than a beast,
 Wha has mair honour in his breast
 Than monie scores as guid's the priest
 Wha sae abus'd him ;
 An' may a bard no crack his jest
 What way they've us'd him ?

See him,† the poor man's friend in need, 31
 The gentleman in word an' deed,
 An' shall his fame an' honour bleed
 By worthless skellums,
 An' no a muse erect her head
 To cove the blellums ?

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
 To gie the rascals their deserts,
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 An' tell aloud 40
 Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
 Nor am I even the thing I could be,

* Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

† Burns introduced the two first lines of this stanza into his "Dedication" to Mr. Hamilton.

twenty times, I rather would be,
 An atheist clean,
 under gospel colours hid be,
 Just for a screen.

onest man may like a glass,
 onest man may like a lass, 50
 mean revenge, an' malice fause,
 He'll still disdain,
 when cry zeal for gospel laws,
 Like some we ken.

tak religion in their mouth ;
 talk o' mercy, grace, an' truth,
 what? to gie their malice skouth
 On some puir wight,
 hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
 To ruin straight. 60

ail, Religion ! maid divine !
 on a muse sae mean as mine,
 in her rough imperfect line
 Thus daurs to name thee ;
 igmatize false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

blotch't an' foul wi' monie a stain,
 far unworthy of thy train,
 trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join wi' those, 70
 boldly daur thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes :

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ., MAUCHLINE.

RECOMMENDING A BOY.

Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.



HOLD it, Sir, my bounden duty,
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,
 Alias, Laird M'Gaun,*
 Was here to lure the lad away
 'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
 An' wad hae don't aff han':
 But lest he learn the callan tricks,
 As faith I muckle doubt him,
 Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks,
 An' tellin' lies about them; 10
 As lieve then I'd have then,
 Your clerkship he should sair,
 If sae be, ye may be
 Not fitted otherwhere.

Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough,
 An' 'bout a house that's rude an' rough,
 The boy might learn to swear;
 But then wi' you, he'll be sae taught,

* Cromeek says, "Master Tootie then lived in Mauchline; a dealer in Cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age. He was an artful trick-contriving character; hence he is called a Snick-drawer. Burns styles the Devil, in his address to that personage, 'an auld, *snick-drawing* dog.'"

An' get sic fair example straught,
 I hae na ony fear. 20
 Ye'll catechize him every quirk,
 An' shore him weel wi' hell ;
 An' gar him follow to the kirk——
 —Aye when ye gang yoursel.
 If ye then, maun be then
 Frae hame this comin' Friday,
 Then please, Sir, to lea'e, Sir,
 The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honour I hae gi'en,
 In Paisley John's, that night at e'en, 30
 To meet the Warld's worm :
 To try to get the twa to gree,
 An' name the airles¹ an' the fee,
 In legal mode an' form :
 I ken he weel a snick can draw,
 When simple bodies let him ;
 An' if a Devil be at a',
 In faith he's sure to get him.
 To phrase you an' praise you,
 Ye ken your Laureat scorns : 40
 The pray'r still, you share still,
 Of grateful Minstrel BURNS.

VAR. ¹ Earnest money.

EPISTLE TO MR. M'ADAM,
CRAIGEN-GILLAN, IN ANSWER TO AN OBLIGING
LETTER HE SENT IN THE COMMENCEMENT
OF MY POETIC CAREER.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
I trow it made me proud ;
" See wha taks notice o' the Bard !"
I lap and cry'd fu' loud.

" Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
" The senseless gawky million ;
" I'll cock my nose aboon them a',
" I'm roos'd by Craigen-Gillan !"

'Twas noble, Sir ; 'twas like yoursel,
To grant your high protection : 10
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' weel,
Is aye a blest infection.

Tho', by his banes wha in a tub
Match'd Macedonian Sandy !
On my ain legs, thro' dirt and dub,
I independent stand ay.—

And when those legs to gude, warm kail,
Wi' welcome canna bear me ;
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,
And barley-scone shall cheer me. 20

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
 O' mony flow'ry simmers !
 And bless your bonie lasses baith,
 I'm tald they're loosome kimmers !

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
 The blossom of our gentry !
 And may he wear an auld man's beard,
 A credit to his country.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.

EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.*

Ellisland, Monday Evening.



OUR News and Review, Sir, I've read
 through and through, Sir,
 With little admiring or blaming ;
 The papers are barren of home-news or
 foreign,

No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the Reviewers, those chippers and
 hewers,

Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir ;
 But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabrick complete,
 I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
 Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet ; 10
 Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
 And then all the world, Sir, should know it !

* The newspaper in question contained some severe remarks on Burns' Poetry.

TO TERRAUGHTY,* ON HIS BIRTHDAY.



HEALTH to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!
 Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief:
 Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf
 This natal morn,
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,
 Scarce quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
 (The second-sight, ye ken, is given
 To ilka Poet) 10
 On thee a tack o' seven times seven
 Will yet bestow it.

If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
 Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
 May desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
 Nine miles an hour,
 Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
 In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are monie,
 Baith honest men and lasses bonie, 20
 May couthie fortune, kind and cannie,
 In social glee,
 Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings funny
 Bless them and thee!

* John Maxwell, of Terraughty and Munshes, near Dumfries, was then above seventy years of age, and survived Burns twenty years.

Fareweel, auld birkie ! Lord be near ye,
 And then the Deil he daurna steer ye :
 Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye ;
 For me, shame fa' me,
 If neist my heart I dinna wear ye
 While BURNS they ca' me. :

TO A LADY,* WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR
 OF DRINKING GLASSES.

Edinburgh, March 17th, 1788.



FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
 And Queen of Poetesses ;
 Clarinda, take this little boon,
 This humble pair of glasses.

* Of the numerous Fair who were the objects of Burns' admiration, and whose charms he celebrated, none were more distinguished in his history than the beautiful "Clarinda." This lady was Agnes Craig, a cousin of the Lord Craig, one of the Lords of Session. She made the Poet's acquaintance at Edinburgh in the winter of 1787 and was then the wife of Mr. M'Lehose. A platonic friendship ensued, and many of his letters to her as "Clarinda" signed "Sylvander," ("he liked," he said, "the idea of Arabian names in a commerce of that kind,") were published in 1802. Besides great personal attractions Mrs. M'Lehose was a follower of the Muses, and Burns thus alludes to some of her productions :

"Your last verses to me have so delighted me, that I have got an excellent old Scots air that suits the measure and you shall see them in print in the Scots Musical Museum, a work published by a friend of mine in this town. I wrote four stanzas. You gave me but three; and one of them alluded to an expression in my former letter. So I have taken your two verses, with a slight alteration in the second

And fill them high with generous juice,
 As generous as your mind ;
 And pledge me in the generous toast—
 “The whole of human kind !”

“To those who love us !”—second fill ;
 But not to those whom we love ; 10
 Lest we love those who love not us !
 A third—“to thee and me, Love !”¹

VAR. ¹ In a MS. in Burns’ hand, the following additional verse occurs :

Long may we live ! Long may we love !
 And long may we be happy !
 And may we never want a glass,
 Well charg’d with generous nappy !

and have added a third ; but you must help me to a fourth. Here they are. The latter half of the first stanza would have been worthy of Sappho. I am in raptures with it.

TALK not of Love, it gives me pain,
 For Love has been my foe ;
 He bound me with an iron chain,
 And sunk me deep in woe.

But Friendship’s pure and lasting joys
 My heart was formed to prove ;
 There, welcome, win, and wear the prize,
 But never talk of Love.

Your Friendship much can make me blest,
 Oh ! why that bliss destroy ?
 Why urge the odious [only] one request,
 You know I must [will] deny.

P. S. What would you think of this for a fourth stanza ?

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,
 Conceal it in that thought,
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear
 The very friend I sought.”

These verses were inserted in the second volume of the Musical Museum.

It is evident from Burns’ letters, which are singularly

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.



WAS where the birch and sounding
 thong are ply'd,
 The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
 Where ignorance her darkening vapour
 throws,
 And cruelty directs the thickening blows;

rapturous and enthusiastic, that Clarinda's fate was not a happy one; but her history does not seem to have been yet given to the public. It is remarkable, that Burns, and all his biographers, speak of her as being then a *widow*, notwithstanding her husband was living at Jamaica in 1802; that the Poet himself says, in one of his letters to her, 'Your person is unapproachable by the laws of your country; and he loves you not as I do who would make you miserable;' and that in another letter he alludes, emphatically, to a *circumstance*, the occurrence of which would no longer separate them. Burns' admiration was not confined to his epistles to her, for in a letter to Mr. Richard Brown, dated Edinburgh, 30th December, 1787, he said, 'Almighty love still reigns and revels in my bosom; and I am at this moment ready to hang myself for a young Edinburgh widow, who has wit and wisdom more murderously fatal than the assassinating stiletto of the Sicilian banditti, or the poisoned arrow of the savage Caffrican. My highland dirk, that used to hang beside my crutches, I have gravely removed into a neighbouring closet, the key of which I cannot command, in case of spring-tide paroxysms. You may guess of her wit by the following verses, which she sent me the other day.

'Talk not of love,' &c."

The following recent account of "Clarinda," which occurs in a note, written in February, 1837, to the Memoir of Lord Craig, in Kay's "Edinburgh Portraits," will be read with interest.

Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
 In all his pedagogic powers elate,
 His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
 And call the trembling Vowels to account.

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
 But ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! 10
 His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
 And flagrant from the scourge, he grunted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race
 The jostling tears ran down his honest face!

"It may, perhaps, be worthy of notice that Lord Craig was cousin-german of Mrs. M'Lehose, the celebrated Clarinda of Burns, who is still living in Edinburgh, and was left an annuity by his Lordship. She is now nearly eighty years of age, but enjoys excellent health. We found her sitting in the parlour, with some papers on the table. Her appearance at first betrayed a little of that languor and apathy which attend age and solitude; but the moment she comprehended the object of our visit, her countenance, which even yet retains the lineaments of what Clarinda may be supposed to have been, became animated and intelligent. 'That,' said she, rising up and pointing to an engraving over the mantelpiece, 'is a likeness of my relative (Lord Craig) about whom you have been inquiring. He was the best friend I ever had.' After a little farther conversation about his lordship, she directed our attention to a picture of Burns, by Horsburgh, after Taylor, on the opposite wall of the apartment. 'You will know who that is—it was presented to me by Constable and Co., for having simply declared, what I knew to be true, that the likeness was good.' We spoke of the correspondence betwixt the Poet and Clarinda, at which she smiled, and pleasantly remarked on the great change which the lapse of so many years had produced on her personal appearance. Indeed, any observation respecting Burns seemed to afford her pleasure; and she laughed at a little anecdote we told of him, which she had never before heard. Having prolonged our intrusion to the limits of courtesy, and conversed on various topics, we took leave of the venerable lady, highly gratified by the interview."

That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
 Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne !
 The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
 Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound ;
 And next, the title following close behind,
 He to the nameless ghastly wretch assign'd. 20

The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y !
 In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply :
 The pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
 And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground !

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
 The wailing minstrel of despairing woe ;
 Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
 Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art :
 So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering U,
 His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew ! 30

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
 The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
 In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
 Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

SKETCH.*



LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping
 wight,
 And still his precious self his dear delight ;
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the
 streets

Better than e'er the fairest she he meets :

* The following Sketch seems to be one of a Series, intended for a projected work, under the title of "The Poet's

man of fashion too, he made his tour,
 earn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour ;
 o travel'd monkeys their grimace improve,
 olish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
 uch specious lore, but little understood ;
 eneering oft outshines the solid wood : 10
 his solid sense—by inches you must tell,
 ut mete his cunning by the old Scots ell ;
 his meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 till making work his selfish craft must mend.

PROLOGUE FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S
 BENEFIT-NIGHT, DUMFRIES.*



W HAT needs this din about the town o'
 Lon'on,
 How this new play an' that new sang
 is comin'?

'progress." This character was sent as a specimen, accompanied by a letter to Professor Dugald Stewart, dated Ellsland, 20th January, 1789, in which it is thus noticed: "The fragment beginning, 'A little, upright, pert, tart,' &c. I have not shown to man living, till I now send it to you. It forms the postulata, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait-sketching, but, lest idle conjecture should pretend to point out the original, please to let it be before your single, sole inspection."

* To William Nicol, Burns wrote on the 9th February, 1790, saying, "For the last two or three months, on an average, I have not ridden less than two hundred miles per week. I have done little in the poetic way. I have given Mr. Sutherland two Prologues, one of which was delivered last week."

Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?
Does nonsense mend like whisky, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece; 10
There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring Bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
Where are the Muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
And after monie a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin? 20
O for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman, tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,
As able and as cruel as the Devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglasses were heroes every age: 30
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas follow'd to the martial strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land

Would tak the Muses' servants by the hand ;
 Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,
 And where ye justly can commend, commend them ;
 And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
 Wink hard and say, the folks hae done their best !
 Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution 41
 Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation,
 Will gar fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
 And warsle time an' lay him on his back !

For us and for our stage should onie spier,
 "Whase aught thae chieles maks a'this bustle here?"
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
 We hae the honour to belong to you !
 We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
 But like good mithers, shore before ye strike— 50
 And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
 For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
 We've got, frae a' professions, sets and ranks :
 God help us ! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.*

SKETCH.

OR Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
 E'en let them die—for that they're
 born :
 But oh ! prodigious to reflec' !

* This Elegy was printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801.

A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck !
 O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
 What dire events hae taken place !
 Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us !
 In what a pickle thou hast left us !

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
 And my auld teethless Bawtie's dead ! 10
 The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
 And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks ;
 The tane is game, a bludie devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil ;
 The tither's something dour o' treadin,
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
 An' cry till ye be haerse an' roupet,
 For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
 And gied you a' baith gear an' meal ; 20
 E'en monie a plack, and monie a peck,
 Ye ken yoursels, for little feck.

Ye bonie lasses, dight your een,
 For some o' you hae tint a frien' ;
 In Eighty-eight ye ken, was ta'en
 What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the vera nowt an' sheep,
 How dowf and daviely they creep ;
 Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,
 For E'mbrugh wells are grutten dry. 30

O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn,
 An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn !
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
 Thou now has got thy daddie's chair,
 Nae hand-cuff'd, mizzl'd, hap-shackl'd Regent,
 But, like himsel, a full free agent.

Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man :
As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT

OF FERGUSSON THE POET,

A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRESENTED

TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH,

MARCH 19TH, 1787.



CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be
pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the
pleasure !

O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
Why is the Bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

LAMENT,

WRITTEN AT A TIME WHEN THE POET WAS ABOUT
TO LEAVE SCOTLAND.*



'ER the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone
mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter in-
cessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's
green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around
her, 11
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her
grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my
breast,
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

* These verses, which were published in the *Dumfries Weekly Journal* of the 5th July, 1815, are apocryphal.

DELIA.*

AN ODE.

AIR the face of orient day,
 Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
 But fairer still my Delia dawns,
 More lovely far her beauty blows.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
 Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
 But, Delia, more delightful still
 Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
 The rosy banquet loves to sip; 10

Ulan Cunningham gives the following tradition about the Ode, but has, he says, some suspicion that it was not by Burns: "One day when the Poet was at Brown-n Nithsdale, a friend read some verses composed after the manner of Pope's song, by a person of quality, and said, 'this is beyond you: the Muse of Kyle cannot match the Muse of London city.' The Poet took the paper, read the verses over, and then recited Delia, an Ode." The earliest account of this Ode occurs in the Life of Burns in *Lives of Scottish Poets*, 12mo. 1822, where it is said the Poet sent a copy of it to the Editor of the *London Morning Star* with this letter:—

[r. Printer,—If the productions of a simple ploughman can merit a place in the same paper with Sylvester, and the other favourites of the Muses who illuminate the *STAR* with the lustre of genius, your insertion of the above trifle will be succeeded by future communications of mine, yours, &c. R. BURNS.

Edinburgh, near Dumfries, 18th May, 1789."

Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sunbrow'n'd Arab's lip ;

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove !
O let me steal one liquid kiss !
For oh ! my soul is parch'd with love !

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.*



HE lamp of day, with ill-presaging
glare,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath¹ the
western wave ;
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the dark'ning air,
And hollow whistl'd in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;†
Or mus'd where limpid streams, once hallow'd,
well,‡
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred fane.§

VAR. ¹ beyond.

* Sir James Hunter Blair died in 1787. These *verses* have been collated with a copy in Burns' own hand, and the material variations are pointed out.

† The King's Park, at Holyrood House. R. B.

‡ St. Anthony's Well. R. B. Burns wrote originally,
Or mus'd where erst revered waters well.

§ St. Anthony's Chapel. R. B.

increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,
 The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
 Groaning trees untimely shed their locks, 11
 And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

paly moon rose in the livid east,
 And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
 weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
 And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

ld to my heart the filial pulses glow,
 Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:
 form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
 The lightning of her eye in tears imbued. 20

ers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,
 Reelin'd that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
 it like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
 And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.—

ly patriot son fills an untimely grave!"
 With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
 ow lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
 Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest¹ pride!

weeping country joins a widow's tear,
 The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
 e drooping arts surround their patron's bier, 31
 And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.—

saw my sons resume their ancient fire;
 saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
 ah! how hope is born but to expire!
 Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.—

“ My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,
 While empty greatness saves a worthless name?
 No: every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
 And future ages hear his growing fame. ”

“ And I will join a mother’s tender cares,
 Thro’ future times to make his virtues last,
 That distant years may boast of other Blairs,—
 She said, and vanish’d with the sweeping blast.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF

OF A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION [OF HIS POEMS],
 WHICH I PRESENTED TO AN OLD SWEET-
 HEART, THEN MARRIED.*



NCE fondly lov’d, and still remember’d
 dear,
 Sweet early object of my youthful
 vows,
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere;
 Friendship! ’tis all cold duty now allows.

And when you read the simple artless rhymes,
 One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
 Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
 Or haply lies beneath th’ Atlantic roar.

* The name of the person to whom these verses are addressed is not known. They were evidently written in 1784, soon after the publication of the first edition of his *Poems*, and when he contemplated settling in the West Indies. He did not insert them in any edition of his Works.

THE
POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE
CHILD.*



THOU'S welcome, wean! mishanter fa'me,
If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,
Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
My sweet wee lady,
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Tit-ta or daddy.

* Burns had an illegitimate daughter by Elizabeth Paton, of Largieside, who was doubtless the "Sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess," mentioned in "The Inventory," in February. 1786; (vide p. 12, ante,) and the "bonnie Betty" of these verses. In consequence of his intention to go to Jamaica, he executed a deed at Mossgiel, on the 22nd of July, 1786, whereby he "acknowledged himself the father of a child named Elizabeth, begot upon Elizabeth Paton, in Largieside," and after stating that his brother, Gilbert Burns, had undertaken to support and educate the infant, he assigned to him all such effects as he should leave behind him on his departure from this kingdom, together with the profits arising from the publication of his Poems then in the press; and he gave the copyright thereof to him in trust for her after she should attain the age of fifteen. This interesting document has been printed in Mr. Allan Cunningham's edition of Burns' Works (vol. viii. p. 217).

The connection to which the child owed its existence, seems to be figuratively alluded to in Burns' Epistle to Rankine, (vol. i. p. 204). She married Mr. John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet, and is said to have resembled the Poet more than any of his other children. Mrs. Bishop died on the 8th December, 1817. The "Welcome" was not inserted in any edition of the Poet's works prepared by himself, but was printed in a collection of some of his pieces at Glasgow, in 1801.

LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS.*



GOUDIE ! terror o' the Whigs,
Dread o' black coats and rev'rend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin' looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin' glowrin' Superstition,
Waes me ! she's in a sad condition ;
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her state physician,
To see her water ; 10
Alas ! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple ;
Haste, gie her name up i' the chapel,
Nigh unto death ;
See how she fetches at the thrapple,
An' gasps for breath.

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
Gaen in a galloping consumption, 20
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
Will ever mend her,

* This was printed at Glasgow with other of the Poet's
poems in 1801.

Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption,
 Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor * are the chief,
 Wha are to blame for this mischief;
 But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave,
 A toom tar-barrel
 An' twa red peats wad send relief,
 An' end the quarrel. :

LETTER TO JAMES TAIT, GLENCONNOR



ULD comrade dear and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Glenconnor;
 How do you this blae eastlin wind,
 That's like to blaw a body blind?

For me, my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest member nearly dozen'd.
 I've sent you here by Johnie Simson,
 Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on;
 Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 An' Reid, to common sense appealing. 1
 Philosophers have fought an' wrangled,
 An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
 An' in the depth of Science mir'd,

* Dr. Taylor of Norwich.

† James Tait of Glenconnor is described by Burns as
 "Old Glenconnor"—"My old friend,"—and as "a worth
 intelligent farmer, my father's friend, and my own," in le
 ters written early in 1788, acquainting his correspond
 that he had consulted him respecting the farm of Ellieland

To common sense they now appeal,
 What wives an' wabsters see an' feel.
 But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them, an' return them quickly,
 For now I'm grown sae cursed douse,
 I pray an' ponder butt the house, 20
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, an' Boston ;
 Till by an' by, if I haud on,
 I'll grunt a real Gospel-groan :
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my een up like a pyet,
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Flutt'ring an' gaspin in her gore :
 Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
 A burning an' a shining light. 30

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
 The ace an' wale of honest men :
 When bending down wi' auld grey hairs,
 Beneath the load of years and cares,
 May He who made him still support him,
 An' views beyond the grave comfort him.
 His worthy fam'ly far and near,
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear !

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie
 The manly tar, my mason Billie, 40
 An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy ;
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
 Just five-and-forty years thegither !
 An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
 An' Lord, remember singing Sannock,
 VOL. II. H

Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock.
 An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy ;
 An' her kind stars hae airted till her
 A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
 To cousin Kate an' sister Janet ;
 Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious,
 For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashous :
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,
 But to grant a maidenhead's the devil.—
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
 May guardian angels tak a spell,
 An' steer you seven miles south o' hell :
 But first, before you see heav'n's glory,
 May ye get monie a merry story,
 Monie a laugh, and monie a drink,
 An' aye eneugh o' neefu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, an' joy be wi' you,
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
 Ye'll fin' him just an honest man ;
 Sae I conclude and quat my chanter,
 Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.*

* For a note on this signature, see p. 68, ante.

STLE FROM ESOPUS* TO MARIA.

FROM those drear solitudes and frowzy
 cells,
 Where infamy with sad repentance
 dwells ;
 turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
 al from iron hands the spare repast ;
 truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
 t the curious stranger peeping in ;
 strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
 to drink, nay half to whore, no more ;
 tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing.
 mp for others, riper for the string : 10
 ese dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
 Maria her Esopus' fate.

I feel I am no actor here !
 l hangmen, real scourges bear !
 , Maria, for a horrid tale
 n thy very rouge to deadly pale ;
 ke thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy poll'd,
 er woven, and by barber sold,
 twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
 ary bristles to erect and stare. 20
 o of the mimic scene, no more

* Esopus of this strange epistle," which was printed
 Ian Cunningham from Burns' own manuscript, was,
 Williamson the actor, and the Maria to whom it was
 was Mrs. Riddel," so often mentioned. Neither
 t nor the style of this parody on the beginning of
 sion of Eloise's Epistle to Abelard appear, how-
 s peculiarly suited for a lady's perusal.

I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar ;
Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms ;
While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
Bless'd Highland bonnet ! Once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war. 30
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze ;
The crafty colonel leaves the tartan'd lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines :
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head ;
Comes 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way ;
The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks, 30
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks ;
Though there his heresies in church and state
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.
(What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger,
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger ?
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns's venom when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,—
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine ; 50
The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
And even th' abuse of poesy abused !
Who call'd her verse, a parish workhouse, made
For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or stray'd ?)

workhouse ! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
 nd pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose !
 a durance vile here must I wake and weep,
 nd all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep ;
 hat straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
 nd vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore. 60

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour,
 ust earth no rascal, save thyself, endure ?
 ust thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
 nd make a vast monopoly of hell ?
 hou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse,
 he vices also, must they club their curse ?
 r must no tiny sin to others fall,
 ecause thy guilt's supreme enough for all ?

aria, send me too thy griefs and cares ;
 a all of thee sure thy Esopus shares. 70
 s thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
 ho on my fair-one satire's vengeance hurls ?
 ho calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
 wit in folly, and a fool in wit ?
 ho says that fool alone is not thy due,
 nd quotes thy treacheries to prove it true ?
 ur force united on thy foes we'll turn,
 nd dare the war with all of woman born :
 or who can write and speak as thou and I ?
 y periods that decyphering defy, 80
 nd thy still matchless tongue that conquers all
 reply.

ON A SUICIDE.*

BARTH'D up here lies an imp o' hell,
 Planted by Satan's dibble—
 Poor silly wretch, he's damn'd himsel'
 To save the Lord the trouble.

A FAREWELL.†

FAREWELL, dear Friend! may guidluck
 hit you,
 And, mang her favourites admit you!
 If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
 May nane believe him!
 And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
 Good Lord deceive him.

* Mr. Cunningham says, "A melancholy person of the name of Glendinning having taken away his own life, was interred at a place called 'The Old Chapel,' close beside Dumfries. My friend Dr. Copland Hutchison happened to be walking out that way: he saw Burns with his foot on the grave, his hat on his knee, and paper laid on his hat, on which he was writing. He then took the paper, thrust it with his finger into the red mould of the grave, and went away. This was the above epigram, and such was the Poet's mode of publishing it."

† These lines formed the conclusion of a letter from Burns to Mr. John Kennedy, dated Kilmarnock, August, 1786, in which he thus speaks of his intention to go to Jamaica, and of the publication of his Poems: "On the 16th current, I hope to have it in my power to call on you, and take a kind, very probably a last adieu, before I go for Jamaica, and I expect orders to repair to Greenock every day. I have at last made my public appearance, and am solemnly inaugurated into the numerous class. Could I have had a carrier, you should have had a score of vouchers for authorship; but now you have them, let them speak for themselves."

THE FAREWELL.*

AREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains
 Where rich ananas blow !
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear !
 A brother's sigh ! a sister's tear !
 My Jean's heart-rending throe !
 Farewell, my Bess ! tho' thou'rt bereft
 Of my parental care ;
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share ! 10
 Adieu too, to you too,
 My Smith, my bosom frien' ;
 When kindly you mind me,
 O then befriend my Jean !
 When bursting anguish tears my heart !
 From thee, my Jeany, must I part !
 Thou weeping answ'rest ' no !'
 Alas ! misfortune stares my face,

* In these affecting lines the Poet has vividly pourtrayed his feelings on his intended separation from his native land, and from all who were dear to him, in the autumn of 1786. He alludes to every one who shared his affections:—his mother; his brother Gilbert; his illegitimate child Elizabeth (see p. 93, ante), whom he had consigned to his brother's care, and for whose support he had appropriated the copyright of his poems; and to his friends Smith, Hamilton, and Aiken; but in nothing he ever wrote was his affection for Jean Armour more tenderly or more naturally displayed. These verses were first printed in the Rev. Mr. Paul's edition, published at Ayr, in 1819.

And points to ruin and disgrace,
 I for thy sake must go ! 20
 Thee Hamilton, and Aiken dear,
 A grateful, warm adieu !
 I, with a much-indebted tear,
 Shall still remember you !
 All-hail then, the gale then,
 Wafts me from thee, dear shore !
 It rustles, and whistles
 I'll never see thee more !

EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.
 OF FINTRAY:

ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION
 BETWEEN SIR JAMES JOHNSTONE AND CAPTAIN MILLER,
 FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGHES.



FINTRAY, my stay in worldly strife,
 Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
 Are ye as idle's I am ?
 Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
 O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
 And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears
 Who left the all-important cares
 Of princes and their darlings ;
 And, bent on winning borough towns, 10
 Came shaking hands, wi' wabster lowns,
 And kissing barefit carlins.

bustion thro' our boroughs rode
 stling his roaring pack abroad
 Of mad unmuzzled lions ;
 Queensberry buff and blue unfurl'd,
 Westerha' and Hopeton hurl'd
 To every Whig defiance.

cautious Queensberry left the war,
 unmanner'd dust might soil his star ; 20
 Besides, he hated bleeding ;
 left behind him heroes bright,
 es in Cæsarean fight,
 Or Ciceronian pleading.

or a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
 aster o'er each ardent Whig
 Beneath Drumlanrig's banner ;
 es and heroines commix,
 n the field of politics,
 To win immortal honour. 30

urdo and his lovely spouse,
 enamour'd laurels kiss her brows !)
 Led on the loves and graces :
 won each gaping burgess' heart,
 e he, all-conquering, play'd his part
 Among their wives and lasses.

darroch led a light-arm'd corps,
 s, metaphors and figures pour,
 Like Hecla streaming thunder :
 iddel, skill'd in rusty coins, 40
 up each Tory's dark designs,
 And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought,
Redoubted Staig, who set at nought
 The wildest savage Tory :
And Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High-waved his magnum-bonum round
 With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up th' artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks, 50
 Resistless desolation !
While Maxwelton, that baron bold,
'Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,
 And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd,
With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
 Surpasses my describing :
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rush to the charge,
 Like raging devils driving. 60

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody fate
 Amid this mighty tulzie !
Grim Horror girn'd—pale Terror roar'd,
As Murther at his thrapple shor'd,
 And Hell mix'd in the brulzie.

As highland craigs by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
 Hurl down with crashing rattle :
As flames among a hundred woods ; 70
As headlong foam a hundred floods,
 Such is the rage of battle !

unborn Tories dare to die;
 on the rooted oaks would fly
 Before th' approaching fellers:
 Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
 all his wintry billows pour
 Against the Buchan Bullers.

in the shades of Death's deep night,
 and Whigs enjoy the fight, 80
 And think on former daring:
 baffled murderer of Charles
 magna Charta flag unfurls,
 All deadly gules it's bearing.

haunting ghosts of Tory fame,
 Grimgeour follows gallant Graham,
 Auld Covenanters shiver.
 We, forgive, much wrong'd Montrose!
 earth and hell engulf thy foes,
 Thou liv'st on high for ever!)

on the field the combat burns, 91
 Whigs, Whigs, give way by turns;
 But Fate the word has spoken:
 man's wit and strength o' man,
 can do but what they can!
 The Tory ranks are broken.

my een were flowing burns!
 as a lioness that mourns
 Her darling cubs' undoing!
 might greet, that I might cry, 100
 Tories fall, while Tories fly,
 And furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but melts for good Sir James?
 Dear to his country by the names
 Friend, patron, benefactor!
 Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
 And Hopeton falls, the generous brave!
 And Stewart, bold as Hector!

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow;
 And Thurlow growl a curse of woe; 110
 And Melville melt in wailing!
 How Fox and Sheridan rejoice!
 And Burke shall sing, O Prince, arise,
 Thy power is all-prevailing!

For your poor friend, the Bard, afar
 He only hears and sees the war,
 A cool spectator purely!
 So, when the storm the forest rends,
 The robin in the hedge descends,
 And sober chirps securely. 120

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN.*



AIL, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie!
 Thou, fortune's road be rough an' hilly
 To every fiddling, rhyming billie,
 We never heed,

* This epistle, which appears to have been written about August, 1786, was first published by Mr. Allan Cunningham. "Major Logan," he says, "lived at Parkhouse, near Ayr, with his mother and sister, and was not only a first-rate performer on the violin, but a pleasant man, and not a little of a wit."

But take it like the unback'd filly,
Proud o' her speed.

When idly goavan whyles we saunter
Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter
Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter,
Some black bog-hole, 10
Arrests us, then the scathe an' banter
We're forced to thole.

Hale be your heart ! Hale be your fiddle !
Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle,
To cheer you through the weary widdle
O' this wild warl',
Until you on a crummock driddle
A gray-hair'd carl.

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune, 20
And screw your temper-pins aboon
A fifth or mair,
The melancholious, lazie croon
O' cankrie care.

May still your life from day to day
Nae 'lente largo' in the play,
But 'allegretto forte' gay
Harmonious flow
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey—
Encore ! Bravo ! 30

A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or sang,
An' never think o' right an' wrang

By square an' rule,
But as the clegs o' feeling stang
Are wise or fool.

My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,
Wha count on poortith as disgrace—

 Their tuneless hearts !

40

May fire-side discords jar a base
 To a' their parts !

But come, your hand, my careless brither,
I' th' ither warl' if there's anither,
An' that there is I've little swither

 About the matter ;

We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
 I'se ne'er bid better.

We've faults and failings—granted clearly,
We're frail backsliding mortals merely,
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly

50

 For our grand fa' ;

But still, but still, I like them dearly—
 God bless them a' !

Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers,
The witching cursed delicious blinkers

 Hae put me hyte,

And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,

 Wi' ginnan spite.

60

But by yon moon !—and that's high swearin'—
An' every star within my hearin' !

An' by her een wha was a dear ane !
 I'll ne'er forget ;
 I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
 In fair play yet.

My loss I moun, but not repent it,
 I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it,
 Ance to the Indies I were wonted,
 Some cantraip hour, 70
 By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted,
 Then, *vive l'amour !*

Faites mes baissemains respectueuse,
 To sentimental sister Susie,
 An' honest Lucky ; no to roose you,
 Ye may be proud,
 That sic a couple fate allows ye
 To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,
 An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure ; 80
 but when in Ayr, some half hour's leisure,
 Be't light, be't dark,
 Our Bard will do himself the pleasure
 To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

Fossiel, 30th October. 1786.

EPITAPH ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.*



HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
 Blasted before its bloom ;
 Whose innocence did sweets disclose
 Beyond that flower's perfume.
 To those who for her loss are grieved,
 This consolation's given—
 She's from a world of woe relieved,
 And blooms a rose in Heaven.

* These lines are said to have been written by Burns on the loss of his daughter, who died in the autumn of 1795, and of whom he thus speaks in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop, from Dumfries, 31st January, 1796, "These many months you have been two packets in my debt—what sin of ignorance I have committed against so highly valued a friend I am utterly at a loss to guess. Alas! Madam, ill can I afford, at this time, to be deprived of any of the small remnant of my pleasures. I have lately drunk deep of the cup of affliction. The autumn robbed me of my only daughter and darling child, and that at a distance too, and so rapidly, as to put it out of my power to pay the last duties to her. I had scarcely begun to recover from that shock, when I became myself the victim of a most severe rheumatic fever, and long the die spun doubtful; until, after many weeks of sick bed, it seems to have turned up life, and I am beginning to crawl across my room, and once indeed have been before my own door in the street.

' When pleasure fascinates the mental sight,
 Affliction purifies the visual ray,
 Religion hails the drear, the untried night,
 That shuts, for ever shuts, life's doubtful day.' "

EPITAPH ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON.*

ERE Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
 And empty all his barrels:
 He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink
 In upright honest morals.

ON STIRLING.†

ERE Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
 And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd;
 But now unroof'd their palace stands,
 Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
 The injured Stuart line is gone,
 A race outlandish fills their throne.
 An idiot race to honour lost,
 Who know them best, despise them most.

* "Gabriel Richardson," Mr. Allan Cunningham says, "a worthy man and a good brewer, lived in Dumfries, and at his hospitable table Burns spent many pleasant hours. His son, Dr. Richardson, the distinguished traveller, said the last mark of civilization which he found on his expedition to the north, was poetry—and that by Burns. These lines were written on a goblet, still preserved in the family."

† These miserable lines appear to have been written when Burns visited Stirling in 1787, and were printed with three answers to them, severely rebuking the author, in a pamphlet entitled, "Animadversions on some Poets and Poetasters of the present age, especially R—t B—s and J—n L—k [Burns and Lapraik], with a contrast of some of a former age, by James Maxwell, Poet, in Paisley, in 1788." This tract, which consisted of wretched verses, attempting to deprecate Burn's abilities, and to injure his character, has long been forgotten.

THE REPLY.*

IKE Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel
All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.†

N this strange land, this uncouth clime,
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
Where words ne'er crost the Muse's
heckles,
Nor limpit in poetic shackles;
A land that prose did never view it,
Except when drunk he stacher't through it;
Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
I hear it—for in vain I leuk.— 10
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
Enhusked by a fog infernal:
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
I sit and count my sins by chapters;

* The minister of Gladsmuir wrote a rhyming censure of the Stirling lines, and intimated that the race of the Poet was run, and the shades of oblivion about to receive him. Burns took out a pencil, and added his "Reply" to the reverend bard's expostulation.

† This epistle was written in June, 1788, and was addressed to Hugh Parker, of Kilmarnock, one of the poet's early and steadfast friends.

For life and spunk like ither Christians,
I'm dwindled down to mere existence,
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes.
Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
Dowie she saunters down Nithside, 20
And ay a westlin leuk she throws,
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!
Was it for this, wi' canny care,
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?
At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
And late or early never grumbled?—
O, had I power like inclination,
I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
To canter with the Sagitarre,
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar; 30
Or turn the pole like any arrow;
Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,
Down the zodiac urge the race,
And cast dirt on his godship's face;
For I could lay my bread and kail
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.—
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
And nought but peat reek i' my head,
How can I write what ye can read?— 40
Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
Ye'll find me in a better tune;
But till we meet and weet our whistle,
Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB*

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

LONG life, my Lord, an' health be yours,
 Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors;
 Lord grant nae duddie desperate beggar,
 Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
 May twin auld Scotland o' a life
 She likes—as lambkins like a knife.
 Faith, you and Applecross were right
 To keep the Highland hounds in sight,
 I doubt na'! they wad bid nae better
 Than let them ance out owre the water; 10
 Then up amang thae lakes and seas
 They'll mak' what rules and laws they please;
 Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
 May set their Highland bluid a ranklin';
 Some Washington again may head them,

* These verses were communicated to the *Scots Magazine* for February, 1818, and the person who transmitted them enclosed the original in Burns' own hand. The MS. once belonged to his friend Rankine, and was addressed:—"To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbyne, President of the Right Honourable and Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23rd of May last, at the Shakespeare, Covent-Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the society were informed by Mr. Mackenzie, of Applecross, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they were, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. M'Donald, of Glengarry, to the wilds of Canada in search of that fantastic thing—LIBERTY."

Or some Montgomery fearless lead them,
 Till God knows what may be effected
 When by such heads and hearts directed—
 Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
 May to Patrician rights aspire ! 20
 Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
 To watch and premier o'er the pack vile,
 An' whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
 To bring them to a right repentance,
 To cowe the rebel generation,
 An' save the honour o' the nation ?
 They an' be d——d ! what right hae they
 To meat or sleep, or light o' day ?
 Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
 But what your lordship likes to gie them ! 30

But hear, my lord ! Glengarry, hear !
 Your hand's owre light on them, I fear ;
 Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
 I canna' say but they do gaylies ;
 They lay aside a' tender mercies,
 An' tirl the hallions to the birses ;
 Yet while they're only poind't and herriet,
 They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit ;
 But smash them ! crash them a' to spails !
 An' rot the dyvors i' the jails ! 40
 The young dogs, swinge them to the labour ;
 Let wark an' hunger mak' them sober !
 The hizzies, if they're aughtlins fawsont,
 Let them in Drury-lane be lesson'd !
 An' if the wives an' dirty brats
 E'en thigger at your doors an' yetts
 Flaffan wi' duds an' grey wi' beas',

Frightin' awa your deucks an' geese,
 Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler, 50
 An gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
 Wi' a' their bastarts on their back!
 Go on, my lord! I lang to meet you,
 An' in my house at hame to greet you;
 Wi' common lords ye shanna mingle,
 The benmost neuk beside the ingle,
 At my right han' assign'd your seat
 'Tween Herod's hip an' Polycrate,—
 Or if you on your station tarrow
 Between Almagro and Pizarro, 60
 A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't;
 An' till ye come—Your humble servant,

BEELZEBUB.

June 1, Anno Mundi 5790.

TO MR. JOHN KENNEDY.

THE following lines conclude a letter from Burns to Mr. John Kennedy, dated Mossiel, 3rd March, 1786.



NOW Kennedy, if foot or horse
 E'er bring you in by Mauchline Cors,
 Lord man, there's lasses there wad force
 A hermit's fancy,
 And down the gate in faith they're worse
 And mair unchancy.

as I'm sayin' please step to Dow's
taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
some bit callan bring me news

That you are there, 10
if we dinna had a bouze
Ise ne'er drink mair.

so I like to sit an' swallow,
like a swine to puke an' wallow,
gie me just a true good fallow
Wi' right ingine,
spunkie ance to make us mellow,
And then we'll shine.

if ye're ane o' warl's folk,
rate the wearer by the cloak, 20
sklent on poverty their joke,
Wi' bitter sneer,
you no friendship I will troke
Nor cheap nor dear.

if, as I'm informed weel, •
ate as ill's the vera De'il,
flinty hearts that canna feel—
Come Sir, here's tae you ;
there's my haun' I wiss you weel,
And gude be wi' you. 30

ON

THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ.*

OF ARNISTON, LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF
THE COURT OF SESSION.

THONE on the bleak hills the straying
flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the shel-
tering rocks ;
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;
Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan ;
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves !
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly ; 10
Where to the whistling blast and water's roar,
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

* These verses have been printed from a copy in Burns' own hand. Mr. Allan Cunningham quotes a letter from the *Post* to Advocate Hay, in which he says: "The enclosed poem was written in consequence of your suggestion last time I had the pleasure of seeing you. It cost me an hour or two of next morning's sleep, but did not please me, so it laid by, an ill-digested effort, till the other day I gave it a critic brush. These kinds of subjects are much hackneyed, and besides, the wailings of the rhyming tribe over the ashes of the great are cursedly suspicious, and out of all character

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear !
 A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !
 Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
 Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod ;
 Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow
 She sunk, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
 Now gay in hope explore the paths of men : 20
 See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
 And throw on poverty his cruel eyes ;
 Seen on the helpless victim see him fly,
 And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry :

Dark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes,
 Lousing elate in these degenerate times ;
 View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
 As guileful Fraud points out the erring way :
 While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue
 The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong : 30
 Dark, injured Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
 And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail !

er sincerity. These ideas damped my muses' fire: however, I have done the best I could." On a copy of this poem, which he gave to Dr. Geddes, Burns wrote: "The foregoing poem has some tolerable lines in it, but the inextricable wound of my pride will not suffer me to correct, or even peruse it. I sent a copy of it, with my best prose letter, to the son of the great man, the theme of the piece, by the hands of one of the noblest men in God's world, Alexander Wood, surgeon. When behold! his solicitorship took more notice of my poem or me than I had been a strolling fiddler, who had made free with his lady's name over a new reel. Did the Gentleman imagine, that I looked for any dirty gratuity?"

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
 To you I sing my grief-inspired strains :
 Ye tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents, roll !
 Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
 Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
 Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
 To mourn the woes my country must endure,
 That wound degenerate ages cannot cure. 4

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.*



COULD I give thee India's wealth,
 As I this trifle send !
 Because thy joy in both would be '
 To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
 The Heliconian stream ;
 Then take what gold could never buy—
 An honest Bard's esteem.

* First printed by Allan Cunningham, with the following note: "John M'Murdo, Esq., steward to the Duke of Queensberry, was the faithful friend of Burns during the whole period of his residence in Nithsdale. At his fireside he enjoyed many happy hours; nor was his muse silent. The daughters of his friend were beautiful and accomplished, and inspired some exquisite lyrics. These verses accompanied a present of books or verse. Afterwards, when on a visit, he took out a diamond, and wrote the following lines on a pane of glass:—

'Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day!
 No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
 No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of care,
 Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
 O, may no son the father's honour stain,
 Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!'"

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG *

NAMED ECHO.



N wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
 Your heavy loss deplore ;
 Now half-extinct your powers of song,
 Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
 Scream your discordant joys ;
 Now half your din of tuneless sound
 With Echo silent lies.

ORTHODOX, ORTHODOX.†

A SECOND VERSION OF THE KIRK'S ALARM.



ORTHODOX, orthodox,
 Who believe in John Knox,
 Let me sound an alarm to your con-
 science—

There's a heretic blast,
 Has been blawn i' the wast,
 That what is not sense must be nonsense,
 Orthodox,
 That what is not sense must be nonsense.

* These lines were written at Kenmure Castle at the request of Mrs. Gordon, whose dog died on the day of the Poet's arrival.

† Mr. Allan Cunningham, to whom the public are indebted for this version of the Kirk's Alarm, gives also a letter from Burns to John Logan, Esq. dated 7th August, 1789, sending him a copy of it.

Doctor Mac, Doctor Mac,
Ye should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil-doers wi' terror ;
To join faith and sense,
Upon any pretence,
Was heretic damnable error,
Doctor Mac,
Was heretic damnable error.

Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
It was rash I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing ;
Provost John is still deaf
To the church's relief,
And orator Bob is its ruin,
Town of Ayr,
And orator Bob is its ruin.

D'rymple mild, D'rymple mild,
Tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new-driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye,
Old Satan must have ye
For preaching that three's ane an' twa,
D'rymple mild,
For preaching that three's ane an' twa.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
Seize your spiritual guns,
Ammunition ye never can need ;
Your hearts are the stuff,
Will be powder enough,
And your skulls are a storehouse of lead,

Calvin's sons,
 and your skulls are a storehouse of lead. 40

Rumble John, Rumble John,
 Mount the steps with a groan,
 y the book is with heresy cramm'd ;
 Then lug out your ladle,
 Deal brimstone like aidle,
 and roar every note o' the damn'd,
 Rumble John,
 and roar every note o' the damn'd.

Simper James, Simper James,
 Leave the fair Killie dames, 50
 here's a holier chase in your view ;
 I'll lay on your head,
 That the pack ye'll soon lead,
 or puppies like you there's but few,
 Simper James,
 or puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawnie, Singet Sawnie,
 Are ye herding the penny,
 nconscious what danger awaits ?
 With a jump, yell, and howl, 60
 Alarm every soul,
 or Hannibal's just at your gates,
 Singet Sawnie,
 or Hannibal's just at your gates.

Andrew Gowk, Andrew Gowk,
 Ye may slander the book,
 and the book nought the waur—let me tell you ;
 Tho' ye're rich and look big,

It's a sign they're no nice o' recruits,
 Yet to worth let's be just, 100
 Royal blood ye might boast,
 If the ass were the King o' the brutes,
 Davie Bluster,
 If the ass were the King o' the brutes.

Muirland George, Muirland George,
 Whom the Lord made a scourge,
 To claw common sense for her sins ;
 If ill manners were wit,
 There's no mortal so fit,
 To confound the poor doctor at ance, 110
 Muirland George,
 To confound the poor doctor at ance.

Cessnockside, Cessnockside,
 Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
 O' manhood but sma' is your share !
 Ye've the figure, it's true,
 Even our faes maun allow,
 And your friends daurna say ye hae mair,
 Cessnockside,
 And your friends daurna sae ye hae mair. 120

Daddie Auld, Daddie Auld,
 There's a tod i' the fauld,
 A tod meikle waur than the clerk ;
 Tho' ye downa do skaith,
 Ye'll be in at the death,
 And if ye canna bite ye can bark,
 Daddie Auld,
 And if ye canna bite ye can bark.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
 Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
 Why desert ye your auld native shire?
 Tho' your Muse is a gipsy,
 Yet were she even tipsy,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are,
 Poet Burns,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

POSTSCRIPT.

Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird,
 When your pen can be spared,
 A copy o' this I bequeath,
 On the same sicker score
 I mentioned before,
 To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,
 Afton's Laird,
 To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

BURNS, when on a visit to St. Mary's Isle, on being requested to say grace by the Earl of Selkirk, repeated the following lines :

OME hae meat, and canna eat,
 And some wad eat that want it;
 But we hae meat and we can eat,
 And sae the Lord be thanket.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF PEG
NICHOLSON.*

PEG Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
As ever trode on airn ;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
An' past the mouth o' Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' rode thro' thick an' thin ;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
An' wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' ance she bare a priest ;

10

* "Peg Nicholson" was lent to Burns by his friend William Nicol, and obtained her name from the maniac who attempted assassinate George the Third. Burns sent these verses Nicol, in February 1790, with a long account of the de-
sed Peg, which is printed in Cromek's Reliques. The
er commenced thus :

'That damned mare of yours is dead. I would freely
re given her price to have saved her." As a proof of his
titude, he says, "he took every care of her in his power,"
l that he had never ridden her above twenty times. After
ing Nicol a full account of her illness, he added, "in eight
l forty hours, in spite of the two best farriers in the coun-
she died and be damned to her." He then proceeds, "I
re done little in the poetic way. I have given Mr. Suther-
d two prologues, one of which was delivered last week.
ave likewise strung four or five barbarous stanzas to the
e of Chevy Chase, by way of Elegy, on your poor un-
anate mare, beginning (the name she got here was Peg
holson), 'Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare.'"

VOL. II.

K

But now she's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a gude bay mare,
An' the priest he rode her sair ;
An' meikle oppress'd an' bruised she was,
As priest-rid cattle are.

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

WEET naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art ;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'd'st act a part.

THE LEAGUE AND COVENANT.*

HE Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland
tears :
But it seal'd Freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

* "This was spoken," says Mr. Allan Cunningham, "in reply to a gentleman who sneered at the sufferings of Scotland for conscience sake, and called the Solemn League and Covenant of the Lords and People ridiculous and fanatical."

ON MISS JESSY LEWARS.

Jessy Lewars, the affectionate friend and faithful attendant of the Poet in his last hours, some notice has already taken. The following additional marks of Burns' regard for her, have been collected by Mr. Allan Cunning-

ALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight.

EPITAPH ON MISS JESSY LEWARS.*

AY, Sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

The constancy of her attendance and the anxiety of her made Jessy Lewars suffer a slight indisposition.—'must not die yet,' said the Poet with a smile; 'how I shall provide for the worst. Give me that goblet, I'll write your epitaph.' He wrote these four lines with composure, and, presenting the goblet, said, 'That will be my companion to "The Toast."'"

THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.*

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
 The natives of the sky,
 Yet still one Seraph's left on earth,
 For Jessy did not die.

THE TOAST.†

WILL me with the rosy wine,
 Call a toast, a toast divine;
 Give the Poet's darling flame,
 Lovely Jessy be the name;
 Then thou mayest freely boast,
 Thou hast given a peerless toast.

* "A little repose brought health back to the young lady. On this Burns said, smiling, 'I knew you would get better; you have much to do before you die, believe me. Besides, there is a poetic reason for your recovery.' So saying, he took up a pen and wrote the above."

† "One day while the Poet was much indisposed, he observed Jessy Lewars moving, with a light foot, about the house, lest she should disturb him. He took up a crystal goblet containing wine and water for moistening his lips, wrote 'The Toast' upon it with a diamond, and presented it to her.—'She was,' says Gilbert Burns, 'a deservedly great favourite of the Poet's, and a soothing friend to Mrs. Burns at the time of his death.'"

THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.*

S could a wind as eyer blew,
 A caulder kirk, and in't but few ;
 As could a minister's e'er spak,
 Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF†

‡ ONE OF MISS HANNAH MORE'S WORKS, WHICH
 SHE HAD GIVEN HIM.

OU flattering mark of friendship kind,
 Still may thy pages call to mind
 The dear, the beauteous donor :
 Though sweetly female every part,
 Yet such a head, and more the heart,
 Does both the sexes honour.
 She showed her taste refined and just
 When she selected thee,
 Yet deviating own I must,
 For so approving me. 10
 But kind still, I'll mind still
 The giver in the gift ;
 I'll bless her and wiss her
 A Friend above the Lift.

* Burns is said to have written these lines on the window
 Lamington Kirk, to express his opinion of the coldness of
 day, the church, and the sermon.

† Burns sent a copy of these lines to Mr. Aiken, in April,
 36.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.*



HERE'S death in the cup—sae beware !
 Nay, **more**—there is danger in touching;
 But wha can avoid the fell snare ?
 The man and his wine's sae bewitching !

THE BOOK-WORMS.†



HROUGH and through the inspired leaves,
 Ye maggots, make your windings ;
 But, oh ! respect his lordship's taste,
 And spare his golden bindings.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.‡



O Riddel, much-lamented man,
 This ivied cot was dear ;
 Reader, dost value matchless worth ?
 This ivied cot revere.

* Said to have been written by Burns one day after dinner at Rydeden, in the house of Mr. Syme.

† “The origin of these lines is singular. Burns, on a visit to a nobleman, was shown into the library, where stood a Shakespeare splendidly bound, but unread, and much worm-eaten. Long after the Poet's death, some one happened to open, accidentally perhaps, the same neglected book, and found the epigram in the hand-writing of Burns.”

‡ “The first time that Burns rode up Nithside after the death of his friend of Friars-Carse, he gave a boy his horse to hold, went into the Hermitage in the wood, threw himself on a seat, and remained for half an hour. Mr. Allan Cunningham says he copied these lines from the window where they were traced by the diamond of Burns.”

WILLIE CHALMERS.

THESE verses were first printed by Mr. Lockhart from some MSS. which were sent by Burns to Lady Harriet Don, with the following explanation:—"Mr. Chalmers, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his *dulcinea*. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows:"

 I' braw new branks in mickle pride,
 And eke a braw new brechan,
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,
 And up Parnassus peechin ;
 Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush,
 The doited beastie stammers ;
 Then up he gets, and off he sets
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel kenn'd name
 May cost a pair o' blushes ; 10
 I am nae stranger to your fame
 Nor his warm urged wishes.
 Your bonie face sae mild and sweet,
 His honest heart enamours,
 And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
 Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair,
 And Honour safely back her,
 And Modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a ane mistak' her : 20

And sic twa love-inspiring e'en
Might fire even holy Palmers ;
Nae wonder then they've fatal been
To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na fortune may you shore
Some mim-mou'd pouter'd priestie,
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
And band upon his breastie :
But Oh ! what signifies to you,
His lexicons and grammars ;
The feeling heart's the royal blue,
And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird,
May warsle for your favour ;
May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
And host up some palaver.
My bonny maid, before ye wed
Sic clumsy-witted hammers,
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard ! my fond regard
For ane that shares my bosom,
Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues,
For de'il a hair I roose him.
May powers aboon unite you soon,
And fructify your amours,—
And every year come in mair dear
To you and Willie Chalmers.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.*



WITH Pegasus upon a day,
 Apollo weary flying,
 Through frosty hills the journey lay,
 On foot the way was plying.

* "To John Brown, Esq. Ayr, the admirers of Burns are," says Mr. Allan Cunningham, "indebted for this very singular petition and the following explanation. The Poet, it seems, during one of his journeys over his ten parishes as an exciseman, had arrived at Wanlockhead on a winter day, when the roads were slippery with ice, and Jenny Geddes (or Peg Nicholson) kept her feet with difficulty. The blacksmith of the place was busied with other pressing matters in the forge, and could not spare time for 'frosting' the shoes of the Poet's mare, and it is likely he would have proceeded on his dangerous journey had he not bethought himself of propitiating the son of Vulcan with verse. He called for pen and ink, wrote these verses to John Taylor, a person of influence in Wanlockhead; and when he had done, a gentleman of the name of Sloan, who accompanied him, endorsed it in prose in these words:—'J. Sloan's best compliments to Mr. Taylor, and it would be doing him and the Ayrshire Bard a particular favour, if he would oblige them instantler with his agreeable company. The road has been so slippery that the riders and the brutes were equally in danger of getting some of their bones broken. For the Poet, his life and limbs are of some consequence to the world; but for poor Sloan, it matters very little what may become of him. The whole of this business is to ask the favour of getting the horses' shoes sharpened.' On the receipt of this, Taylor spoke to the smith; the smith flew to his tools, sharpened the horses' shoes, and, it is recorded, lived thirty years to say he had never been 'weel paid but ance, and that was by a poet, who paid him in money, paid him in drink, and paid him in verse.'"

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
 Was but a sorry walker ;
 To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
 To get a frosty calker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
 Threw by his coat and bonnet,
 And did Sol's business in a crack ;
 Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
 Pity my sad disaster ;
 My Pegasus is poorly shod—
 I'll pay you like my master.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK NOTE.*

THE following verses, in the hand-writing of Burns, were copied from a bank note, in the possession of Mr. James F. Gracie, of Dumfries. The note is of the Bank of Scotland, and is dated on the 1st of March, 1780.



VAE worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!
 Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!
 For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.

I see the children of affliction
 Unaided, thro' thy curs'd restriction.
 I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil.
 For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore,
 Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.

* The above is copied from the *Morning Chronicle* of the 27th May, 1814. Mr. Cunningham conjectures that these lines were written in the year 1786.

THE LOYAL NATIVES' VERSES.

MEK gives this account of these lines: "About the year 4, when political animosity was made the ground of private quarrel, the following foolish verses were sent as an attack on Burns and his friends for their political opinions. They were written by some member of a club styling themselves the *Loyal Natives* of Dumfries, or rather by the united us of that club, which was more distinguished for drunken liberty than for respectability and poetic talent.

E sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
 Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade
 every throng,
 Wh Crackn the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
 and Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

The above verses were handed over the table to Burns at a convivial meeting, and he endorsed the subjoined reply:

BURNS—EXTEMPORE.

E true 'Loyal Natives,' attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long ;
From envy and hatred your corps is
exempt ;
where is your shield from the darts of contempt ?

REMORSE.*



Fall the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
 That press the soul, or wring the mind
 with anguish,
 Beyond comparison the worst are those
 That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
 In every other circumstance, the mind
 Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"
 But when to all the evil of misfortune
 This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"
 Or worser far, the pangs of keen Remorse;
 The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
 Of guilt, perhaps, where we've involved others;
 The young, the innocent, who fondly lov'd us,
 Nay, more, that very love their cause of ruin!
 O burning hell! in all thy store of torments,
 There's not a keener lash!
 Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
 Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
 Can reason down its agonizing throbs;

* These lines occur in Burns' Common Place Book, written in September, 1783; and are preceded by the following observations: "I entirely agree with that judicious philosopher, Mr. Smith, in his excellent Theory of Moral Sentiment, that remorse is the most painful sentiment that can embitter the human bosom. Any ordinary pitch of fortitude may bear up tolerably well under those calamities, in the procurement of which we ourselves have had no hand; but when our own follies, or crimes, have made us miserable and wretched, to bear up with manly firmness, and at the same time have a proper penitential sense of our misconduct, is a glorious effort of self-command."

d, after proper purpose of amendment, 19
 a firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
 happy! happy! enviable man!
 glorious magnanimity of soul!

THE TOAD-EATER.*

WHAT of Earls with whom you have supt,
 And of Dukes that you dined with
 yestreen?
 rd! a louse, Sir, is still but a louse,
 Though it crawl on the curls of a Queen.

TO ———. †

Mossgiel, — 1786.

SIR,

YOURS this moment I unseal,
 And faith I am gay and hearty!
 To tell the truth and shame the Deil
 I am as fu' as Bartie:
 But foorsday Sir, my promise leal
 Expect me o' your partie,
 If on a beastie I can speel,
 Or hurl in a cartie, R. B.

' "At the table of Maxwell of Terraughty, when it was
 pleasure of one of the guests to talk only of Dukes with
 om he had drank, and of Earls with whom he had dined,
 ms silenced him with this epigram."

The original of this reply to an invitation is preserved
 the Paisley library.

“IN VAIN WOULD PRUDENCE.”*

 N vain would Prudence, with decorousness,
Point out a cens'ring world, and bid me
fear;
Above that world on wings of love I rise,
I know its worst—and can that worst despise.
'Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd; unpitied, unredrest,
The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,'
Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
Clarinda, rich reward! o'er pays them all!

“THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE.”†

 HOUGH fickle Fortune has deceived me,
She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill;
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.—

I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
But if success I must never find,
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.—

* These lines occur in one of Burns' letters to Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lehose), in March, 1788, to which he adds: “I have been rhyming a little of late, but I do not know if they are worth postage. Tell me.—”

† “The above,” says Burns, “was an extempore, under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes, which, indeed, threatened to undo me altogether. It was just at the close of that dreadful period before mentioned (March, 1784); and though the weather has brightened up a little with me since, yet there has always been a tempest brewing round me in the grim sky of futurity, which I pretty plainly see will

"I BURN, I BURN."*



BURN, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd
corn,
By driving winds the crackling flames
are borne,'

Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night;
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose:
Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquish'd
foes;

In vain religion meets my sinking eye;
I dare not combat—but I turn and fly;
Conscience in vain upbraids th' unhallowed fire;
Love grasps his scorpions—stifled they expire! 10
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
Your dear idea reigns and reigns alone:
Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields!

By all on high adoring mortals know!
By all the conscious villain fears below!
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear;
Nor life nor soul were ever half so dear!

some time or other, perhaps ere long, overwhelm me, and drive me into some doleful dell, to pine in solitary, squalid wretchedness. However, as I hope my poor country Muse, who, all rustic, awkward, and unpolished as she is, has more charms for me than any other of the pleasures of life beside—as I hope she will not then desert me, I may even then learn to be, if not happy, at least easy, and *south a sang* to sooth my misery." These verses were first printed in Cromeek's Reliques from the Poet's MS.

* These verses occur in one of Burns' letters to Clarinda in 1788.

EPIGRAM ON A NOTED COXCOMB.*



IGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
 His chicken heart so tender ;
 But build a castle on his head,
 His scull will prop it under.

TAM THE CHAPMAN.†



S Tam the Chapman on a day
 Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
 Weel pleas'd, he greets a wight so famous,
 And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,

* Printed from Burns' manuscript.

† These verses were printed by the late Mr. Cobbett, with this account of them :—

"It is our fortune to know a Mr. Kennedy, an aged gentleman, a native of Scotland, and the early associate and friend of Robert Burns. Both were born in Ayrshire, near the town of Ayr, so frequently celebrated in the poems of the bard. Burns, as is well known, was the poor peasant's son; and in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' gives a noble picture of, what we may presume to be, the family circle of his father. Kennedy, whose boyhood was passed in the labours of a farm, subsequently became the agent to a mercantile house in a neighbouring town. Hence he is called, in an epitaph which his friend the Poet wrote on him, 'the Chapman.' These lines, omitted in all editions of Burns' works, were composed on Kennedy's recovery from a severe illness. On his way to kirk on a bright Sabbath morning, he was met by the Poet, who, having rallied him on the sombre expression of his countenance, fell back, and soon rejoined him, presented him with the epitaph scrawled on a bit of paper with a pencil." "Kennedy's occupation,"

Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
 And there blaws up a hearty crack ;
 His social, friendly, honest heart,
 Sae tickled Death they could na part :
 Sae after viewing knives and garters,
 Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.

TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY.*

BURNS wrote to Mr. Thomson in September or October, 1794, "How do you like the following epigram, which I wrote the other day on a lovely young girl's recovery from a fever? Doctor Maxwell was the physician who seemingly saved her from the grave, and to him I address the following:"



MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
 That merit I deny :
You save fair Jessy from the grave !
 An Angel could not die.

says Allan Cunningham, "which gave him a knowledge of the world at that time far beyond that of the humble cotter's son, made him an extremely acceptable companion, while his 'social, friendly, honest heart,' converted acquaintance into friendship. They maintained a regular correspondence until about the time of Burns' departure for Edinburgh, when Kennedy removed far from the 'banks and braes' of his native Ayrshire."

* Miss Jessy Staig married Major Miller, and died young. She was the Jessy of the song, "True hearted was he, the sad swain of the Yarrow."

FRAGMENT.

NOW health forsakes that angel face,
 Nae mair my Dearie smiles;
 Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
 And a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel powers reject the prayer
 I hourly mak for thee;
 Ye Heavens, how great is my despair,
 How can I see him die!

THE five following pieces were printed by Cromek, from copies in Burns' hand-writing, and as they have not been assigned to any other author, they are here given, without any opinion being pronounced upon their authenticity.

TO THE OWL.

BY JOHN M'CREDDIE.*

SAD Bird of Night, what sorrow calls
 thee forth,
 To vent thy plaints thus to the mid-
 night hour;
 Is it some blast that gathers in the north,
 Threat'ning to nip the verdure of thy bow'r?

* Mr. Cromek considered these verses to have been written by Burns, notwithstanding the Poet attributed them to John M'Creddie, of whose existence, however, there seems to be great doubt. The text is from a copy in Burns' own manuscript, and differs slightly from that printed by Cromek.

Is it, sad Owl, that Autumn strips the shade,
And leaves thee here, unshelter'd and forlorn ?
Or Fear that Winter will thy nest invade ?
Or is it Solitude that bids thee mourn ?

Shut out, lone Bird, from all the feather'd train,
To tell thy sorrows to th' unheeding gloom ; 10
No friend to pity when thou dost complain,
Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

Sing on, sad mourner ! I will bless thy strain,
And pleased in sorrow hearken to thy song :
Sing on, sad mourner ! to the night complain,
While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek
Sad piteous tears in native sorrows fall ?
Less kind the heart, when sorrow bids it break ?
Less happy he who lists to pity's call ? 20

Ah no, sad Owl ! nor is thy voice less sweet,
That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there ;
That Spring's gay notes, unskill'd, thou canst repeat ;
And sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair.

Nor that the treble songsters of the day,
Are quite estranged, sad bird of night ! from thee ;
Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,
When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.

From some old tower, thy melancholy dome,
While the grey walls, and desert solitudes, 30
Return each note, responsive, to the gloom
Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods ;

There hooting ; I will list more pleased to thee,
 Than ever lover to the nightingale ;
 Or drooping wretch, oppress'd with misery,
 Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

“ WAS E’ER PUIR POET.”*



AS e'er puir Poet sae befitted,
 The maister drunk—the horse com-
 mitted :
 Puir harmless beast ! tak thee nae care,
 Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (mayor)."

* "It is not probably generally known that the Poet once paid our 'merry city' (Carlisle) a visit, though there is no doubt that he did once at least get 'unco happy' within its ancient walls. He had come into the city upon horseback, and his nag was turned out to grass for a few hours. The horse, as may well be supposed, having such a master, was a brute of taste, and took it into his head that the grass in a field belonging to our worthy corporation, which adjoined that in which it had been put, was of a better and sweeter flavour than its own allotment, and accordingly made good a lodgment there. The mayor impounded the horse, and the next morning, when Burns heard of the disaster, he wrote the stanza in the text. His worship's mayoralty was about to expire on the day on which the stanza was written. It is said that when the mayor heard whose horse he had impounded, he gave instant orders for its liberation, exclaiming, 'Let him have it, or the job will be heard of for ages to come.'"

INNOCENCE. •

INNOCENCE
Looks gaily-smiling on ; while rosy
pleasure
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pours her cup luxuriant ; mantling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss !

THERE'S NAETHIN LIKE THE HONEST
NAPPY.

HERE'S naethin like the honest nappy !
 Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
 Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy,
 'Tween morn an' morn,
As them wha like to taste the drappie
 In glass or horn !

P've seen me daez't upon a time ;
 I scarce could wink or see a styme ;
 Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime,
 Ought less is little,
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme
 As gleg's a whittle!

* This and the following verses,

"There's naethin like the honest nappy,"

occur among "Fragments, Miscellaneous Remarks," &c. in Burns' hand-writing, printed in "Cromek's Reliques of Burns;" but it does not necessarily follow that he was the author of them, and they have not, it is believed, been inserted in any former edition of his works.

TO THE RUINS OF LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

OF the following lines all which is known is that they have been printed with this note attached to them: "On the banks of the river Cluden, and at a short distance from Dumfries, are the beautiful ruins of the Abbey of Lincluden, which was founded in the time of Malcolm the Fourth, King of Scotland. The following address to them by the poet Burns has never, it is believed, been before published. S. J."



Y E holy walls, that still sublime
 Resist the crumbling touch of time,
 How strongly still your form displays
 The piety of ancient days.
 As through your ruins, hoar and grey—
 Ruins, yet beauteous in decay—
 The silvery moon-beams trembling fly,
 The form of ages long gone by
 Crowd thick on Fancy's wond'ring eye,
 And wake the soul to musings high. 10
 Ev'n now, as lost in thought profound,
 I view the solemn scene around,
 And pensive gaze with wistful eyes,
 The past returns, the present flies ;
 Again the dome, in pristine pride,
 Lifts high its roof, and arches wide,
 That knit with curious tracery
 Each Gothic ornament display ;
 The high arched windows, painted fair,
 Show many a saint and martyr there ; 20

As on their slender forms I'd gaze,
Methinks they brighten to a blaze ;
With noiseless step and taper bright,
What are yon forms that meet my sight ?
Slowly they move, while every eye
Is heavenward raised in ecstasy,
'Tis the fair, spotless, vestal train,
That seeks in prayer the midnight fane.
And hark ! what more than mortal sound
Of music breathes the pile around ? 30
'Tis the soft chaunted choral song,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong :
Till thence return'd they softly stray
O'er Cluden's wave with fond delay ;
Now on the rising gale swell high,
And now in fainting murmurs die :
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
That glistens in the pale moon's beam,
Suspend their dashing oars to hear
The holy anthem, loud and clear ; 40
Each worldly thought awhile forbear,
And mutter forth a half-form'd prayer.
But, as I gaze, the vision fails,
Like frost-work touch'd by southern gales ;
The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
And all the splendid scene's decay'd.
In window fair the painted pane
No longer glows with holy stain,
But, through the broken glass, the gale
Blows chilly from the misty vale. 50
The bird of eve flits sullen by,
Her home, these aisles and arches high :
The choral hymn, that erst so clear

Broke softly sweet on Fancy's ear,
 Is drown'd amid the mournful scream,
 That breaks the magic of my dream :
 Roused by the sound, I start and see
 The ruin'd, sad reality.

PROLOGUE,*

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODS, ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT,

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1787.



WHEN by a generous public's kind ac-
 claim,
 That dearest meed is granted—honest
 fame ;

When here your favour is the actor's lot,
 Nor even the man in private life forgot ;
 What breast so dead to heav'nly virtue's glow,
 But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe ?

Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
 It needs no Siddons' power in Southern's song :
 But here an ancient nation, fam'd afar
 For genius, learning high, as great in war— 10
 Hail, Caledonia ! name for ever dear !

* This prologue occurs in the collection of Burns' Poems, printed at Glasgow in 1801 ; but it seems to have been rejected by Mr. Allan Cunningham and all his other editors. The probability that it was written by Burns is, however, shown by the fact, that he was certainly known to Woods ; for in his notes on " May Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen," in the " Musical Museum," he relates an anecdote of Cunningham the actor, adding, "*This Mr. Woods the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true.*"

Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear !
 Where every science, every nobler art—
 That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
 Is known ; as grateful nations oft have found
 Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
 Philosophy, no idle, pedant dream,
 Here holds her search, by heaven-taught Reason's
 beam ;

Here History paints with elegance and force,
 The tide of Empire's fluctuating course ; 20
 Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan,
 And Harley rouses all the god in man.
 When well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit unite,
 With manly lore, or female beauty bright
 (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
 Can only charm us in the second place),
 Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
 As on this night, I've met these judges here !
 But still the hope Experience taught to live, .
 Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. 30
 No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
 With decency and law beneath his feet,
 Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name ;
 Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame.

O Thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
 Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land,
 Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire ;
 May every son be worthy of his sire ;
 Firm may she rise with generous disdain
 At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain ; 40
 Still self-dependent in her native shore,
 Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

NATURE'S LAW.*

A POEM HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO G. H. ESQ.

Great nature spoke, observant man obeyed.

Pope.

BET other heroes boast their scars,
 The marks of sturt and strife;
 And other Poets sing of wars,
 The plagues of human life;
 Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun
 To slap mankind like lumber!
 I sing his name and nobler fame,
 Wha multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
 'Go on, ye human race!
 'This lower world I you resign;
 'Be fruitful and increase.
 'The liquid fire of strong desire
 'I've pour'd it in each bosom;
 'Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
 'And there, is Beauty's blossom!'

The Hero of these artless strains,
 A lowly Bard was he,

* These verses, which were inscribed to Gavin Hamilton are now printed, for the first time, from a copy in the Po own writing, and seem to have been composed soon as Mrs. Burns had presented him with twins.

Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
With meikle mirth an' glee ; 20
Kind Nature's care had given his share,
Large, of the flaming current ;
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

He felt the powerful, high behest,
Thrill, vital, thro' and thro' ;
And sought a correspondent breast,
To give obedience due :
Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs,
From mildews of abortion ; 30
And lo ! the Bard, a great reward,
Has got a double portion !

Auld, cantie Coil may count the day,
As annual it returns,
The third of Libra's equal sway,
That gave another Burns,
With future rhymes, an' other times,
To emulate his sire ;
To sing auld Coil in nobler style
With more poetic fire. 40

Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song,
Look down with gracious eyes ;
And bless auld Coila, large and long,
With multiplying joys,
Lang may she stand to prop the land,
The flow'r of ancient nations ;
And Burnses spring, her fame to sing,
To endless generations !

THE CATS LIKE KITCHEN.

THE following letter from Burns to Mr. Robert Ainslie, which is now for the first time printed from the original, contains some doggerel verses which serve as an excuse for introducing it in this place. It is extremely characteristic, and will be read with interest.

"To Mr. Robert Ainslie, jun. Berrywell, Dunee.

'As I gaed up to Dunse
To warp a pickle yarn,
Robin, silly body,
He gat me wi' bairn.'

From henceforth, my dear Sir, I am determined to set off with my letters like the periodical writers, viz. prefix a kind of text, quoted from some classic of undoubted authority, such as the author of the immortal piece of which my text is a part. What I have to say on my text is exhausted in a letter I wrote you the other day, before I had the pleasure of receiving yours from Inverleithing; and sure never was any thing more lucky, as I have but the time to write this, that Mr. Nicol on the opposite side of the table takes to correct a proof sheet of a thesis. They are gabbling Latin so loud that I cannot hear what my own soul is saying in my own skull, so must just give you a matter of fact sentence or two, and end, if time permit, with a verse de rei generatione.

"To-morrow I leave Edinburgh in a chaise: Nicol thinks it more comfortable than horse-back, to which I say, Amen; so Jenny Geddes goes home to Ayr-shire, to use a phrase of my mother's, 'wi' her finger in her mouth.'

"Now for a modest verse of classical authority:



HE cats like kitchen;
The dogs like broo;
The lassies like the lads weel,
And th' auld wives too.

CHORUS.

And we're a' noddin,
 Nid, nid, noddin,
 We're a' noddin fou at e'en.

If this does not please you, let me hear from you: if you write any time before the first of September, direct to Inverness, to be left at the post office till called for; the next week at Aberdeen; the next at Edinburgh.

"The sheet is done, and I shall just conclude with assuring you that I am, and ever with pride shall be, my dear Sir,

"ROBERT BURNS.

"Call your boy what you think proper, only interject Burns. What do you say to a scripture name; for instance, Zimri Burns Ainslie, or Achitophel, &c. look your Bible for these two heroes, if you do this, I will repay the compliment.

"Edinburgh, 23rd August, 1787."

BURNS has thus introduced the following lines in one of his manuscripts printed in Cromek's Reliques:

"TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

"In my early years nothing less would serve me than courting the tragic muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy forsooth: but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my further progress. In those days I never wrote down anything; so except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The following, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character—great in occasional instances of generosity, and daring at times in villainies.

"He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and exclaimed to himself.



LL devil as I am, a damned wretch,
 'A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
 ' Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;

' And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs
 ' I view the helpless children of distress.
 ' With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
 ' Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
 ' Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
 ' Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you ;
 ' Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity ;
 ' Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds, ¹¹
 ' Whom Vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to Ruin.
 ' O but for kind, tho' ill-requited friends,
 ' I had been driven forth like you forlorn,
 ' The most detested, worthless wretch among you !
 ' O injur'd God ! Thy goodness has endow'd me
 ' With talents passing most of my compeers,
 ' Which I in just proportion have abus'd
 ' As far surpassing other common villains,
 ' As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more.'

EXTEMPORE.*

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

 Yourattle along like your mistress's tongue,
 Your speed will out-rival the dart:
 But, a fly for your load, you'll break down
 on the road,
 If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

* Printed from a copy in Burns' hand-writing.

THE following fragments occur in Burns' Common Place book. Mr. Allan Cunningham says, "The Prose portion has been copied from Currie and from Cromek, with some slight alterations, and the verses are from another source." He is, "In several places small but necessary liberties have been taken with the language. It would have been unwise to omit verses so characteristic, and they would have offended any had they appeared as they stand in the original."

YE hae lien a' wrang, lassie, .
 Ye've lien a' wrang ;
 Ye've lien in an unco bed,
 And wi a fremit man.
 O ance ye danced upon the knowes,
 And ance ye lightly sang—
 But in herrying o' a bee byke,
 I'm rad ye've got a stang.

GIE my love brose, brose,
 Gie my love brose and butter ;
 For nane in Carrick or Kyle
 Can please a lassie better.
 The lav'rock lo'es the grass,
 The muirhen lo'es the heather ;
 But gie me a braw moonlight,
 And me and my love together.

LASS, when your mither is frae hame,
 Might I but be sae bauld
 As come to your bower-window,
 And creep in frae the cauld,

As come to your bower-window,
And when it's cauld and wat,
Warm me in thy sweet bosom;
Fair lass, wilt thou do that?

Young man, gif ye should be sae kind,
When our gudewife's frae hame,
As come to my bower-window,
Whare I am laid my lane,
And warm thee in my bosom—
But I will tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk;
Young man, do ye hear that?



MET a lass, a bonie lass,
Coming o'er the braes o' Couper,
Bare her leg and bright her een,
And handsome ilka bit about her.
Weel I wat she was a quean
Wad made a body's mouth to water;
Our Mess John, wi' his lyart pow,
His haly lips wad lickit at her.



WAT ye what my minnie did,
My minnie did, my minnie did,
O wat ye what my minnie did,
On Tysday 'teen to me, jo?
She laid me in a saft bed,
A saft bed, a saft bed,
She laid me in a saft bed,
And bade gudeen to me, jo.

An' wat ye what the parson did,
 The parson did, the parson did, 10
 An' wat ye what the parson did,
 A' for a penny fee, jo?
 He loosed on me a lang man,
 A mickle man, a strang man,
 He loosed on me a lang man,
 That might hae worried me, jo.

An' I was but a young thing,
 A young thing, a young thing,
 An' I was but a young thing,
 Wi' nane to pity me, jo. 20
 I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
 In the wyte, in the wyte,
 To pit a young thing in a fright,
 An' loose a man on me, jo.



CAN ye labour lea, young man,
 An' can ye labour lea ;
 Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
 Ye'se never scorn me.

I feed a man at Martinmas,
 Wi' arle pennies three ;
 An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him,
 He couldna labour lea.

The stibble rig is easy plough'd,
 The fallow land is free ; 10
 But wha wad keep the handless coof,
 That couldna labour lea.

JENNY M'CRAW, she has ta'en to the
heather,
Say, was it the covenant carried her
thither ;

Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane,
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en ;
My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,
And as for the lave, let the diel do his best.

WORD, we thank an' Thee adore,
For temp'ral gifts we little merit ;
At present we will ask no more,
Let William Hyslop give the spirit.

THE last braw bridal that I was at,
'Twas on a Hallowmass day,
And there was routh o' drink and fun,
And mickle mirth and play.

The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
And the dames danced in the ha' ;
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the mid'st o' her kimmers a'.

HERE came a piper out o' Fife,
 I watna what they ca'd him;
 He play'd our cousin Kate a spring,
 When fient a body bade him.
 d ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
 The mair that she forbade him.

HE black-headed eagle
 As keen as a beagle,
 He hunted o'er height and owre howe;
 But fell in a trap
 On the braes o' Gemappe,
 en let him come out as he dowe.

THOU, in whom we live and move,
 Who mad'st the sea and shore;
 Thy goodness constantly we prove,
 And grateful would adore.
 And if it please Thee, Pow'r above,
 Still grant us with such store;
 The friend we trust, the fair we love,
 And we desire no more.

EPITAPH ON WILLIAM NICOL.

TH E maggots feast on Nicol's brain,
 For few sic feasts ye've gotten;
 And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
 For de'il a bit o'ts rotten.

THE TWA HERDS.*

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But Fool with Fool is barbarous civil war.

Pope.



A' ye pious godly flocks,†
Weel fed in pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes?
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five and twenty¹ summers past, 10
O dool to tell!
Hae had a bitter black out-cast,
Atween themsel.

VAR. ¹ fifty.

* In the MS. entitled, "The Holy Tulzie."

† Burns informed Dr. Moore, that "The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my *Holy Fair*. I had a notion myself, that the piece had some merit; but to prevent the worst, I gave a copy of it to a friend who was very fond of such things, and told him that I could not guess who was the author of it, but that I thought it pretty clever. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, it met with a roar of applause." The parties mentioned in these verses were Mr. Moodie, minister of Riccarton, and Mr. Russel, assistant to the minister of Kilmarnock. "Though both apo-

O, Moodie, man, and wordy Russel,
 How could you raise so vile a bustle,
 Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle,
 And think it fine!
 The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
 Sin' I hae min'.

O, Sirs, whae'er wad hae expectit
 Your duty ye wad sae negleckit, 20
 Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
 To wear the plaid,
 But by the brutes themselves eleckit
 To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
 Sae hale and hearty every shank,
 Nae poison'd soor Arminian's tank
 He let them taste,
 Frae Calvin's well, aye clear,² they drank:
 O' sic a feast! 30

The thummart wil'-cat, brock and tod,
 Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood,
 He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
 Baith out and in,
 And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,
 And sell their skin.

VAR. ² fountain head.

stles of the Old Light," says Allan Cunningham, "they quarrelled during a discussion on Effectual Calling, on their way home from the Monday sermon of a Sacrament, and from words proceeded to blows." Such an event was not likely to be lost upon Burns, and he accordingly recorded it in the following satirical ballad, which has been collated with a copy in the Poet's own hand. He did not insert it in any edition of his works, and it was printed in the Glasgow Collection of his poems in 1801.

I winna name,
I hope frae⁸ Heaven to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our fae,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'Quhey,
And baith the Shaws, 70
That aft hae made us black and blae,
Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Wodrow lang has hatch'd⁹ mischief,
We thought aye¹⁰ death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha'll soundly buff our beef;
I meikle dread him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel, 80
Forby turn-coats amang oursel,
There's Smith for ane,
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill,
And that ye'll fin'.

O! a' ye flocks, ow're a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
Come join your counsels and your skills,
To cove the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themsels
To choose their herds. 90

VAR. ⁸ trust in.⁹ wrought.¹⁰ trusted.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning in a woody dance,
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banish'd owre the seas to France;
 Let him bark there.*

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
 M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
 M'Quhey's pathetic manly sense,
 And guid M'Math, 100
 Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
 May a' pack aff.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.†



THOU, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
 Sends ane to Heaven and ten to Hell,
 A' for thy glory,
 And no for onie guid or ill
 They've done afore thee!

* The MS. copy ends here.

† "Holy Willie" was William Fisher, a farmer, near Mauchline, and leading elder of the Rev. Mr. Auld's session. "He was," says Allan Cunningham, "a great pretender to sanctity, austere of speech, and punctilious about outward observances; but by no means as severe to himself as to others. His end was anything but godly: having drank to excess in one of his visits to Mauchline, he was found dead in a ditch on the way to his own house." Burns says, speaking of the "Twa Herds,"—

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
 Whan thousands thou hast left in night,
 That I am here afore thy sight,
 For gifts an' grace, 10
 A burnin an' a shinin light,
 To a' this place.

"*Holy Willie's Prayer* next made its appearance, and alarmed the Kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers. Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another side, within point blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem, *The Lament*." It has been stated that the Poet sent a copy of this piece to his friend Mr. Kennedy, requesting him to try its effect upon Fisher, which was immediately done, and the scene was excessively ludicrous, but Willie had no difficulty in guessing at the author, for he immediately attributed it to the "black-guard Burns." Kennedy appears to have given the following account of the origin of *Holy Willie's Prayer*. Gavin Hamilton, Esq. Clerk of Ayr, the Poet's friend and benefactor, was accosted on a Sunday morning by a mendicant who begged alms of him. Not recollecting that it was the Sabbath, Hamilton set the man to work in his garden, which lay on the public road, and the poor fellow was discovered by the people on their way to Kirk, and they immediately stoned him from the ground. For this offence Mr. Hamilton was not permitted to have a child christened, which his wife bore him soon after that event, until he applied to the synod. His most officious opposer was William Fisher, one of the dignitaries of the church, and to revenge the insult to his friend, Burns made him the subject of this ballad.

It was probably to this piece (which does not occur in any edition of Burns' works prepared by himself, and was printed in the Glasgow collection of his pieces in 1801,) that the subjoined *Jeu d'esprit* refers:—

"In the name of the Nine. Amen.

We Robert Burns, by virtue of a warrant from Nature, bearing date the twenty-fifth day of January, Anno Domini

What was I, or my generation,
 That I should get such exaltation?
 I, wha deserve such just damnation,
 For broken laws,
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,
 Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
 Thou might hae plung'd me into Hell,
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,

one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine, poet laureat and bard in chief in and over the districts and countries of Kyle, Cunningham, and Carrick, of old extent, to our trusty and well-beloved William Chalmers and John M'Adam, students and practitioners in the ancient and mysterious science of confounding right and wrong.

Right Trusty,

Be it known unto you, that whereas, in the course of our care and watchings over the order and police of all and sundry the manufacturers, retainers, and venders of poetry; bards, poets, poetasters, rhymers, jinglers, songsters, ballad-singers, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. male and female—We have discovered a certain * * *, nefarious, abominable, and wicked song, or ballad, a copy whereof we have here enclosed; our will therefore is, that ye pitch upon and appoint the most execrable individual of that most execrable species, known by the appellation, phrase, and nick-name of the Deil's Yell Nowte; and after having caused him to kindle a fire at the cross of Ayr, ye shall at noontide of the day, put into the said wretch's merciless hands the said copy of the said nefarious and wicked song, to be consumed by fire in the presence of all beholders, in abhorrence of, and terror to all such compositions and composers. And this is no wise leave ye undone, but have it executed in every point as this our mandate bears, before the twenty-fourth current, when in person we hope to applaud your faithfulness and zeal.

Given at Mauchline, this twentieth day of November,
 Anno Domini one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six.

God save the Bard!

In burnin' lake,
damned Devils roar and yell,
Chain'd to a stake.

am here a chosen sample,
ow thy grace is great and ample ;
re a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
le, a buckler, an example
To a' thy flock. 30

d, thou kens what zeal I bear,
drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
ingin there and dancin here,
Wi' great an' sma' :
am keepit by thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

st, O Lord ! confess I must,
es I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,
ometimes too, wi' worldly trust,
Vile self gets in ; 40
ou remembers we are dust,
Defil'd in sin.

d ! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg—
ardon I sincerely beg,
ay it ne'er be a livin plague
To my dishonour,
'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.

as I farther maun allow,
izzie's lass, three times I trow ; 50

But Lord, that Friday I was fou,
When I came near her,
Or else thou kens thy servant true
Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

May be thou lets this fleshly thorn
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,
'Cause he's sae gifted;
If sae, thy hand maun e'en be borne,
Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race;
But God confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
An' public shame.

Lord, mind Gavin Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin arts,
Wi' grit an' sma,'
Frae God's ain priest the people's hearts
He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
As set the world in a roar
O' laughin at us;
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,
nst that presbyt'ry o' Ayr ; 80
strong right hand, Lord, make it bare,
Upo' their heads ;
, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

rd my God, that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
very heart and saul are quakin,
ink how we stood sweatin, shakin,
An' p—d wi' dread,
e he, wi' hingin lips an' snakin, 90
Held up his head.

, in the day of vengeance try him ;
, visit them wha did employ him,
pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
Nor hear their pray'r :
for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,
And dinna spare.

Lord, remember me and mine
mercies temp'ral and divine,
I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane, 100
' the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen.

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.



ERE Holy Willie's sair worn clay
 Taks up its last abode ;
 His saul has taen some other way,
 I fear the left-hand road.

Stop ! there he is, as sure's a gun,
 Poor silly body, see him ;
 Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,
 Observe wha's standing wi' him.

Your brunstane devilship, I see,
 Has got him there before ye ;
 But haud your nine-tail cat a-wee,
 Till ance you've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
 For pity ye have nane ;
 Justice, alas ! has gien him o'er,
 And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are,
 Look something to your credit ;
 A coof like him wad stain your name,
 If it were kent ye did it.

N SCARING SOME WATER FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT, A WILD SCENE AMONG
THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.*

VHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?

Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave; 10
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud, usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the clifty brow,
Marking you his prey below, 20
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong Necessity compels.

*This was written while visiting Sir William Murray,
atartyre, on his third northern excursion.

But Man, to whom alone is giv'n
 A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
 Glories in his heart humane—
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
 Only known to wand'ring swains,
 Where the mossy riv'let strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways;
 All on Nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
 Other lakes and other springs;
 And the foe you cannot brave,
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE

SENT THE AUTHOR BY A TAILOR.*

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie bitch,
 To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
 'Losh, man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
 Your bodkin's bauld,
 I didna suffer ha'f sae much
 Frae Daddie Auld.

* A tailor in the neighbourhood of Mauchline thought proper to send Burns the following lecture, which seems to

What tho' at times when I grow crouse,
gi'e their wames a random pouse,

been written in 1786, when he intended to leave England
Jamaica. The Poet's answer was first printed, with
r of his suppressed pieces, at Glasgow, in 1801. Mr.
n Cunningham has very decorously omitted the last five
es:

'ISTLE FROM A TAILOR TO ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT wae fu' news is this I hear,
Frae greeting I can scarce forbear,
Folk tell me, ye're gawn aff this year,
 Out o'er the sea,
Aur lasses wham ye lo'e sae dear
 Will greet for thee.

Weel wad I like war ye to stay,
But, Robin, since ye will away,
I ha'e a word yet mair to say,
 And maybe twa;
May He protect us night an' day,
 That made us a'.

Whar thou art gaun, keep mind frae me,
Seek Him to bear thee companie,
And, Robin, whan ye come to die,
 Ye'll won aboon,
An' live at peace an' unity
 Ayont the moon.

Some tell me, Rab, ye dinna fear
To get a wean, an' curse an' swear,
I'm unco wae, my lad, to hear
 O' sic a trade,
Cou'd I persuade ye to forbear,
 I wad be glad.

Fu' weel ye ken ye'll gang to hell,
Gin ye persist in doin' ill—
Waes me! ye're hurlin' down the hill
 Withouten dread,
An' ye'll get leave to swear your fill
 After ye're dead.

Is that enough for you to souse
 Your servant sae?
 Gae mind your scam, ye prick-the-louse,
 An' jag-the-flae.

10

King David o' poetic brief,
 Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief

There, walth o' women ye'll get near,
 But gettin' weans ye will forbear,
 Ye'll never say, My bonie dear
 Come, gie's a kiss—
 Nae kissing there—ye'll girn an' sneer,
 An' ither hiss.

O Rab! lay by thy foolish tricks,
 An' steer nae mair the female sex,
 Or some day ye'll come through the pricks,
 An' that ye'll see;
 Ye'll fin' hard living wi' Auld Nicks;
 I'm wae for thee.

But what's this comes wi' sic a knell,
 Amaist as loud as ony bell,
 While it does mak' my conscience tell
 Me what is true,
 I'm but a ragget cowl mysel',
 Owre sib to you!

We're owre like those wha think it fit,
 To stuff their noddles fu' o' wit,
 An' yet content in darkness sit,
 Wha shun the light,
 To let them see down to the pit,
 That lang dark night.

But fareweel, Rab, I maun awa',
 May He that made us keep us a',
 For that would be a dreadful fa'
 And hurt us sair,
 Lad, ye wad never mend awa,
 Sae, Rab, tak' care.

As fill'd his after life wi' grief
 An' bloody rants,
 An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
 O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
 My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, 20
 I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
 An unco slip yet,
 An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
 At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the Session says I maun
 Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
 Than garren lasses cowp the cran
 Clean heels owre body,
 And sairly thole their mither's ban
 Afore the howdy. 30

This leads me on, to tell for sport,
 How I did wi' the Session sort—
 Auld Clinkum at the Inner port
 Cry'd three times, "Robin !
 " Come hither, lad, an' answer for't,
 Ye're blam'd for jobbin'."

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
 An' snoov'd awa' before the Session,—
 I made an open fair confession,
 I scorn'd to lie; 40
 An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
 Fell foul o' me.

A furnicator-loun he call'd me,
 An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me;
 I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
 ' But what the matter?'
 Quo' I, ' I fear unless ye geld me,
 I'll ne'er be better.'

" Geld you!" quo' he, " and whatfore no?
 If that your right hand, leg or toe,
 Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
 You shou'd remember
 To cut it aff, an' whatfore no
 Your dearest member?"

' Na, na,' quo' I, ' I'm no for that,
 Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't,
 I'd rather suffer for my faut,
 A hearty flewit,
 As sair owre hip as ye can draw't,
 Tho' I should rue it.

' Or gin ye like to end the bother,
 To please us a', I've just ae ither,
 When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
 Whate'er betide it,
 I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither,
 An' let her guide it.'

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst ava,
 An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
 I said, ' Gude night,' and cam awa,
 And left the Session;
 I saw they were resolved a'
 On my oppression.

EXTEMPORE LINES,

IN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF BURNS,
WISHING HIM TO SPEND AN HOUR AT A TAVERN.

THE King's most humble servant I,
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye;
Or else the Deil's be in it.

MY bottle is my holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool,
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it, ye'll find him out.

LINES WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A LADY'S
POCKET-BOOK.*

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may
live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they
give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

* Printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801.

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.*

URS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in
 life,
 The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife!
 Who has no will but by her high permission;
 Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
 Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
 Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
 Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart:
 I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
 I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse bitch.

EPITAPH ON A HENPECK'D COUNTRY

SQUIRE.†

S father Adam first was fool'd,
 A case that's still too common,
 Here lies a man a woman rul'd,
 The Devil rul'd the woman.

* Printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801.

† This Epitaph and the two following Epigrams occur in the Kilmarnock edition, in a copy of which Burns has written, "Campbell of Netherplace;" and filled up the blank after "Queen" with "Netherplace." He omitted these pieces in the next, and all subsequent editions.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.



DEATH, hadst thou but spar'd his life
 Whom we, this day, lament !
 We freely wad exchange'd the wife,
 And a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
 The swap we yet will do't ;
 Take thou the Carlin's carcase aff,
 Thou'se get the saul o' boot.

ANOTHER.



ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
 When depriv'd of her husband she loved
 so well,
 In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,
 She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the
 powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a diff'rent complexion,
 When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
 Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
 Not to shew her respect, but—to save the expence.

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE
INN AT CARRON.*

WE came na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise.

But when we tirl'd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

LINES ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD

HAD MADE MISS DAVIES SO LITTLE
AND MRS. * * * SO LARGE.†

Written on a Pane of Glass in the Inn at Moffat.

ASK why God made the gem so small,
An' why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

* Burns did not insert this in any edition of his works, and it was first printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801.

† Miss Davies has been already noticed. These lines do not occur in any edition of his works revised by himself. Printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801.

EPIGRAM.

ompanied by a friend, went to Inverary when any were on a visit to the Duke of Argyll, and nself and his companion neglected by the Inn-ose whole attention seemed to be occupied with . of his Grace, he expressed his disapprobation of ty with which they were treated in the following y were printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801.

'HOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
 I pity much his case,
 Unless he come to wait upon
 The Lord their God, his Grace.

re's naething here but Highland pride,
 nd Highland scab and hunger ;
 'rovidence has sent me here,
 \was surely in an anger.

A TOAST.

ng of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers, held to com-
 he Anniversary of Rodney's Victory, April 12,
 s was called upon for a Song, instead of which he
 he following Lines extempore :

NSTEAD of a Song, boys, I'll give you a
 Toast,—
 Here's the memory of those on the twelfth
 that we lost :
 lost, did I say ? nay, by heav'n, that we
 und,

For their fame it shall last while the world goes
round.

The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution
As built on the base of the great Revolution;
And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial

LINES SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY
BURNS, WHILE ON HIS DEATH-BED.

TO JOHN RANKINE, AYRSHIRE, AND FORWARDED
HIM IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE POET'S DECEASE.

E who of Rankine sang, lies stiff and dead
And a green grassy hillock hides his head
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

VERSES ADDRESSED TO J. RANKINE,
ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET, THAT A GIRL IN
THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY WAS WITH
CHILD TO HIM.*

AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a';
Some people tell me gin I fa',

* Printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801.

Ae way or ither,
 The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
 Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
 And winna say owre far for thrice,
 Yet never met with that surprise
 That broke my rest, 10
 But now a rumour's like to rise,
 A whaup's i' the nest.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF
 LORD GALLOWAY.*

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?
 Flit, Galloway, and find
 Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
 The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME.

O Stewart art thou, Galloway,
 The Stewarts all were brave;
 Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
 Not one of them a knave.

* John Stewart, eighth Earl of Galloway, K.T. who succeeded to the title in 1773, and died in 1796.
 These four Epigrams were printed in Cromek's Reliques.

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,
 Thro' many a far-fam'd sire !
 So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
 So ended in a mire !

TO THE SAME,

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS
 RESENTMENT.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,
 In quiet let me live :
 I ask no kindness at thy hand,
 For thou hast none to give.

VERSES TO J. RANKINE.*

AE day, as Death, that grusome carl,
 Was driving to the tither warl'
 A mixtie-maxtie motley squad,
 And monie a guilt-bespotted lad ;
 Black gowns of each denomination,
 And thieves of every rank and station,
 From him that wears the star and garter,
 To him that wintles in a halter ;

* Printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801.

Asham'd himsel to see the wretches,
 He mutters, glowering at the bitches, 10
 " By God I'll not be seen behint them,
 Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
 Without, at least, æ honest man,
 To grace this damn'd infernal clan."
 By Adamhill a glance he threw,
 " Lord God !" quoth he, " I have it now,
 There's just the man I want, i' faith,"
 And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

TEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION, ON BEING
 APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.*

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
 Och, hon ! the day !
 That clarty barm should stain my laurels ;
 But—what'll ye say ?
 These movin' things, ca'd wives and weans,
 Wad move the very hearts o' stanes !

ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS FALSE-
 HOOD IN THE REV. DR. B——'S
 VERY LOOKS.*

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
 I must and will deny :
 They say their master is a knave—
 And sure they do not lie.

* Printed in Cromeek's Reliques.

POVERTY.

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
 And mean thy fortunes be;
 Bear this in mind,—be deaf and blind,
 Let great folks hear and see.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER IN CLEISH PARISH
 FIFESHIRE.*

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes;
 O Satan, when ye tak him,
 Gie him the schoolin' of your weans,
 For clever De'ils he'll mak them!

LINES

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE, ^{ON}
 SEEING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO.†

Dumfries Theatre, 1794.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
 Of Moses and his rod;
 At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
 The rock with tears had flow'd.

* Printed in Cromek's Reliques.

† Printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801.

MURDER hate by field or flood,
 Tho' glory's name may screen us ;
 In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
 Life-giving war of Venus.

The deities that I adore
 Are social Peace and Plenty,
 I'm better pleased to make one more,
 Than be the death of twenty.

INES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE
 KING'S ARMS' TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

TH E men of wit and wealth, why all this
 sneering
 'Gainst poor Excisemen ? give the cause
 a hearing ;
 What are your landlords' rent-rolls ? taxing
 ledgers :
 What premiers, what ? even Monarch's mighty
 gaugers :
 What are priests, those seeming godly wise
 men ?
 What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen ?

LINES WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW
THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIE

H E greybeard, Old Wisdom, may
of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live:
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-set
pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SES

TUNE—'KILLIECRANKIE.'

LORD ADVOCATE.

H E clench'd his pamphlets in his
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it:
He gaped for't, he graped for't,
He fand it was awa, man;
But what his common sense came at
He eked out wi' law, man.

MR. ERSKINE.

COLLECTED Harry stood awee,
Then open'd out his arm, man;

* Printed in Cromek's Reliques.

His lordship sat wi' ruefu' ee,
 And ey'd the gathering storm, man :
 Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,
 Or torrents owre a linn, man ;
 The Bench sae wise, lift up their eyes,
 Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF
 THE CELEBRATED MISS BURNS.*



EASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
 Lovely Burns has charms—confess :
 True it is, she had one failing,
 Had a woman ever less ?

ON MISS J. SCOTT, OF AYR.†



H ! had each Scot of ancient times
 Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art,
 The bravest heart on English ground
 Had yielded like a coward.

* "The Miss Burns of these lines," says Mr. Cunningham, "was well known to the bucks of Edinburgh while the Poet resided there." Her history may be guessed from the following passage in his letter to Mr. Peter Hill, Bookseller, Edinburgh, 2nd February, 1790:—"How is the fate of my poor namesake, Mademoiselle Burns, decided? O man! but for thee and thy selfish appetites and dishonest artifices, that beauteous form, and that once innocent and still ingenuous mind, might have shone conspicuous and lovely in the faithful wife and the affectionate mother; and shall the unfortunate sacrifice to thy pleasures have no claim on thy humanity?"

† Printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801.

EPIGRAM ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE,*

THE CELEBRATED ANTIQUARY.



HE Devil got notice that Grose was a-
 dying,
 So whip! at the summons, old Satan came
 flying;
 But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay
 moaning,
 And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
 Astonish'd! confounded! cry'd Satan, "By God,
 I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load."†

EPIGRAM ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLA-
 TION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.‡

THOU whom Poetry abhors,
 Whom Prose had turned out of doors,
 Heard'st thou that groan?—proceed no
 further,
 'Twas laurel'd Martial roaring murder.

* Printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801.

† Mr. Grose was exceedingly corpulent, and used to rally himself, with the greatest good humour, on the singular rotundity of his figure.

‡ Printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801. In a letter to Clarinda in 1787, Burns asks, "Did I ever repeat to you

EPITAPH ON A COUNTRY LAIRD NOT
QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

BLESS Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
With grateful lifted eyes,
Who said that not the soul alone,
But body too, must rise :
For had he said, " The soul alone
" From death I will deliver,"
Alas, alas ! O Cardoness,
Then thou hadst slept for ever !

EPITAPH ON A NOISY POLEMIC.*

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's† banes :
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch
Into thy dark dominion !

an epigram I made on a Mr. Elphinstone, who has given a translation of Martial, a famous Latin poet? The poetry of Elphinstone can only equal his prose notes. I was sitting in a merchant's shop of my acquaintance, waiting somebody. He put Elphinstone into my hand, and asked my opinion of it. I begged leave to write it on a blank leaf, which I did."

* This Epitaph was printed in the Kilmarnock edition.

† " Jamie," was James Humphrey, a mason.

EPITAPH ON WEE JOHNNY.*

Hic jacet Wee Johnny.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know
 That death has murder'd Johnny!
 An' here his body lies fu' low——
 For saul he ne'er had ony.

EPITAPH ON A CELEBRATED RULING

ELDER.†

HERE sowter Hood in Death does sleep;
 To Hell, if he's gane thither,
 Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
 He'll haud it weel thegither.

EPITAPH FOR ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.‡

NOW thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much-lov'd, much honour'd name!
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

* "Wee Johnny," was John Wilson, the printer of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns' works, where it was inserted without Wilson being conscious that he was himself alluded to.

† Printed in the Kilmarnock edition in 1786, in a copy of which the name is supplied in the Poet's hand-writing.

‡ To whom the Cotter's Saturday Night is inscribed. This occurs in the Kilmarnock edition.

EPITAPH FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.*

 HE poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
 Whom canting wretches blam'd :
 But with such as he, where'er he be,
 May I be sav'd or damn'd !

A BARD'S EPITAPH.†

 S there a whim-inspir'd fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near ;
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
 That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by ! 10
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,

* This Epitaph is likewise in the Kilmarnock edition.
 Burns alludes to the conduct shown to Mr. Hamilton for his
 spiritual offences, which has been already alluded to.

† Printed in the Kilmarnock and every other edition
 without any variation.

Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave;
 Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn and wise to know, 20
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And *softer flame*,
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit;
 Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*
 Is wisdom's root. 30

EPITAPH ON MY FATHER.*



YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,¹
 Draw near with pious rev'rence and
 attend!
 Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
 The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.

VAR. ¹ who sympathize with Virtue's pains.

* Printed in the Kilmarnock and all other editions. The variation of the title and first line is from a copy in the Poet's autograph.

pitying heart that felt for human woe ;
 e dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride ;
 friend of man, to vice alone a foe ;
 For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side."*

TAPH ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER,
 MAUCHLINE.†

ERE lies Johnny Pidgeon ;
 What was his religion ?
 Wha e'er desires to ken,
 To some other warl'
 Maun follow the carl,
 For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane !

Strong ale was ablution,—
 Small beer persecution,
 A dram was memento mori ;
 But a full flowing bowl
 Was the saving his soul,
 And port was celestial glory.

TAPH ON JOHN BUSHBY, WRITER,
 IN DUMFRIES.

ERE lies John Bushby, honest man !
 Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

Goldsmith. R. B.

Printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801. He kept
 Whitefoord Arms, at the entrance of the Cowgate, at
 hline.

EPITAPH ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE.*

 HAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
 He aften did assist ye;
 For had ye staid whole weeks awa,
 Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
 To school in bands thegither,
 O tread ye lightly on his grass,
 Perhaps he was your father.

EPITAPH ON A PERSON NICKNAMED

"THE MARQUIS," WHO DESIRED BURNS TO

WRITE ONE ON HIM.

 HERE lies a mock Marquis whose titles
 were shamm'd,
 If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

* This epistle was printed in the Glasgow Collection in 1801. The wag was James Smith, of Mauchline.

ON HIMSELF.

WHERE comes Burns
 On Rosinante;
 She's d—— poor,
 But he's d—— canty!

EPITAPH ON WALTER S——.

SIC a reptile was Wat,
 Sic a miscreant slave,
 That the worms ev'n damn'd him
 When laid in his grave.
 "In his flesh there's a famine,"
 A starv'd reptile cries;
 "An' his heart is rank poison,"
 Another replies.

TO A LADY

IO WAS LOOKING UP THE TEXT DURING SERMON.

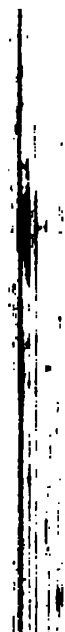
FAIR Maid you need not take the hint,
 Nor idle texts pursue:
 'Twas *guilty sinners* that he meant—
 Not *angels* such as you.





SONGS.







SONGS.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.*

TUNE—'MISS FORBES'S FAREWELL TO BANFF, OR
ETTRICK BANKS.'



WAS even—the dewy fields were
green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The Zephyrs wanton'd round the
bean,

And bore its fragrant sweets along:
In every glen the Mavis sang,
All nature listening seem'd the while,

* "The lass of Ballochmyle" was Miss Alexander; and this Song was sent to her in the following letter:

"Mossgiel, 18th Nov. 1786.

"Madam,—Poets are such *outré* beings, so much the children of wayward fancy and capricious whim, that I believe the world generally allows them a larger latitude in the laws of propriety than the sober sons of judgment and prudence. I mention this as an apology for the liberties that a nameless stranger has taken with you in the enclosed poem, which he begs leave to present you with. Whether it has poetical merit any way worthy of the theme, I am not the proper judge; but it is the best my abilities can produce; and what to a good heart will, perhaps, be a superior grace, it is equally sincere and fervent.

"The scenery was nearly taken from real life, though I

Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle ! ¹

VAR. ¹ The lily-hue, and rose's dye
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

dare say, Madam, you do not recollect it, as I believe you scarcely noticed the poetic *rêveur* as he wandered by you. I had roved out as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my Muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. I listened to the feathered warblers, pouring their harmony on every hand, with a congenial kindred regard, and frequently turned out of my path, lest I should disturb their little songs, or frighten them to another station. Surely, said I to myself, he must be a wretch indeed, who, regardless of your harmonious endeavours to please him, can eye your elusive flights to discover your secret recesses, and to rob you of all the property nature gives you—your dearest comforts, your helpless nestlings. Even the hoary hawthorn twig that shot across the way, what heart at such a time but must have been interested in its welfare, and wish it preserved from the rudely-browsing cattle, or the withering eastern blast. Such was the scene,—and such the hour, when in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape, or met a poet's eye, those visionary bards excepted, who hold commerce with aerial beings. Had Calumny and Villany taken my walk, they had at that moment sworn eternal peace with such an

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in Autumn mild ;
 When roving thro' the garden gay,
 Or wandering in a lonely wild :
 But Woman, Nature's darling child !
 There all her charms she does compile ;
 Ev'n there her other works are foil'd ²
 By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been ³ a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed

VAR. ² And all her other charms are foil'd.

³ if she were.

ject. What an hour of inspiration for a poet! It would
 ve raised plain dull historic prose into metaphor and
 asure. The inclosed Song was the work of my return
 me; and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have
 m expected from such a scene. I have the honour to be,
 idam, your most obedient and very humble servant, R. B."
 On sending a copy of these verses to Mrs. Stewart, of
 ur, soon afterwards, Burns said: "The hurry of my pre-
 rations for going abroad has hindered me from performing
 ' promise so soon as I intended. I have here sent you a
 reel of songs, &c. which never made their appearance,
 cept to a friend or two at most. Perhaps some of them
 y be no great entertainment to you; but of that I am far
 m being an adequate judge. The song to the tune of
 trick Banks you will easily see the impropriety of expos-
 ; much, even in manuscript. I think, myself, it has some
 rit, both as a tolerable description of one of Nature's
 etest scenes, a July evening, and one of the finest pieces
 Nature's workmanship—the finest, indeed, we know any
 ng of—an amiable, beautiful young woman; but I have
 common friend to procure me that permission, without
 ich I would not dare to spread the copy."

The Song has been collated with two manuscripts of the
 et's. The copy in Thomson's Collection has some other
 riations to the tune of "Johnny's Grey Breeks"

That ever rose in Scotland's⁴ plain !
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil ;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day has joys divine,
 With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.*

SONG OF DEATH.†

A GAELIC AIR.

Scene—A field of battle. Time of the day—Evening. † wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the song.



AREWELL, thou fair day, thou green
 earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the bright¹ setting
 sun !

VAR. ⁴ on Scotia's.

¹ broad.

* Under the above Song is written "Miss Willie Alexander."

† Burns sent this Song to Mrs. Dunlop, the daughter of the heiress of Sir Thomas Wallace, of Craigie, in December, 1793 observing, "I have just finished the following Song, which

Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender ties,
Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave !
Go, teach them to tremble, fell Tyrant ! but know,
No terrors hast thou for the brave !

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name :
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark !
He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our
hands,
Our King and our Country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Oh ! who would not rest with the brave !

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.*



HEN o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo ;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
Return sae dowf and wearie O ;

to a lady, the descendant of Wallace, and many heroes of his truly illustrious line, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology. The circumstance that gave rise to the following verses, was looking over, with a musical friend, M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs, I was struck with one, entitled 'Oran an Aoig,' or 'The Song of Death,' to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas."

* On sending this Song to Mr. Thomson, Burns said,

Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
 If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O.
 Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,*
 And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;

"Let me tell you, that you are too fastidious in your ideas of songs and ballads. I own that your criticisms are just; the songs you specify in your list have, *all but one*, the faults you remark in them; but who shall mend the matter? Who shall rise up and say—Go to, I will make a better? For instance, on reading over 'The Lea-rig,' I immediately set about trying my hand on it, and, after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following, which Heaven knows is poor enough." The last stanza was sent to Mr. Thomson in December, 1792.

* One of Burns' editors has observed, "In the copy transmitted to Mr. Thomson, instead of *wild*, was inserted *wet*. But in one of the manuscripts, probably written afterward, *wet* was changed into *wild*, evidently a great improvement. Probably Burns had in his mind the verse of an old Scottish song, in which *wet* and *weary* are naturally enough conjoined :

'When my ploughman comes hame at ev'n,
 He's often wet and weary;
 Cast off the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my deary.'"

At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
 It maks my heart sae cheery O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

AULD ROB MORRIS.*

HERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in
 yon glen,
 He's the king o' gude fellows and wale
 of auld men;
 has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
 ae bonie lassie, his darling and mine.

s fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
 s sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
 lythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
 dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
 my daddie has naught but a cot-house and
 yard;
 ower like me maunna hope to come speed,
 wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
 night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:

The two first lines of this Song are taken from an old
 sh ballad, printed in Ramsay's Miscellany, beginning
 "Auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen."

I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me;
O how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

NAEBODY.



HAE a wife o' my ain,
I'll partake wi' naebody;
I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
There—thanks to naebody;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
I'll be slave to naebody;
I hae a guid braid sword,
I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for naebody;
If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.*



HE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

* On the 8th of November, 1792, Burns wrote to Thomson: "If you mean, my dear sir, that all the songs in your collection shall be poetry of the first merit, I am afraid you will find more difficulty in the undertaking than you are aware of. There is peculiar rhythmus in many of our airs, and a necessity of adapting syllables to the emphasis, or what I would call the *feature-notes* of the tune, that cramp the poet, and lay him under almost insuperable difficulties. For instance, in the air, 'My Wife's a wanton wee thing,' if a few lines, smooth and pretty, can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made extempore to it; and though, on further study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink."

The song is thus given in Thomson's Collection, vol. vi. p. 44, "My Love's a wanton wee Thing," changed from the old name of the air, "My Wife's a wanton wee thing." The first stanza by Burns, the other two by George Thomson, and first published in 1824:

My love's a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonie wee thing,
 She has promis'd right soon to be mine.
 I never saw a fairer,
 I never lov'd a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine—

Mr. Thomson's version, beginning

"O leeze me on my wee thing,"

which he sent to Burns, were, the Poet said, in December, 1792, improvements on the original.

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;
Ha, ha, &c.

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn ;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughtie hizzie die ?
She may gae to—France for me !
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg grew sick—as he grew well,
Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings,
And O, her een, they spak sic things !
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and cantie baith!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

O POORTITH.*

TUNE—'I HAD A HORSE.'



POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An' 't werena for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.
 O why, &c.

Her een sae bonie blue betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 O why, &c.

* Allan Cunningham says, that the heroine of this song was Jean Lorimer, of Kemmis Hall, in Kilmahoe.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him ?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am ?
 O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate !¹
 He woos his simple dearie ;
 The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 O why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?

GALLA WATER.*

 HERE'S braw braw lads on Yarrow
 braes,
 That wander thro' the blooming
 heather ;
 But Yarrow braes nor Ettric shaws,
 Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonie lad o' Galla Water.

VAR. ¹ The wild wood Indian's fate. MS.

* This song was sent to Mr. Thomson in January, 1793.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae nae meikle tocher;
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

LORD GREGORY.*



MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
 And loud the tempest's roar;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee;
 At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it mayna be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
 By bonie Irwine side,

* On this Song, Burns remarked to Mr. Thomson, 26 January, 1793, "The very name of Peter Pindar is an acquisition to your work. His 'Gregory' is beautiful. I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scots, on the same subject, which are at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter; that would be presumption indeed. My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it."

Where first I own'd that virgin-love,
I lang, lang had denied ?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine !
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast :
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest !

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see !
But spare, and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me !

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH !

WITH ALTERATIONS.



H, open the door, some pity to shew,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh !¹
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever
prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh !

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh !

VAR. ¹ Originally, " If love it may nae be, oh !"

The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh !

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh !
False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh !

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh !
My true love, she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh !

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR—' O, BONIE LASS, WILL YOU LIE IN A BARRACK '

BURNS wrote to Mr. Thomson in April, 1793, " Do you know a fine air called ' Jack Hume's Lament ? ' I have a song of considerable merit to that air. I'll inclose you both the song and tune, as I had them ready to send to Johnson's Museum ; " and Thomson observes, the following is the song in question ; adding that it is certainly by Burns, " though he does not generally praise his own songs so much. "



KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has
gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has
gotten ?

She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy;
 A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
 The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
 She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving:
 The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving;
 A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
 And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

JESSIE.*

TUNE—' BONIE DUNDEE.'



RUE hearted was he, the sad swain o'
 the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks
 o' the Ayr,
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;

* The "Jessie" of this song was Miss Jessie Staig, of Dumfries, who married Major Miller, second son of the Laird of Dalswinton, and died in early life.

Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

WANDERING WILLIE.

IN March, 1793, Burns sent the following copy of this song to Thomson, saying: "I leave it to you, my dear sir, to determine whether the above or the old 'Thro' the lang Muir' be the best." Thomson replied in April following: "Your 'Here awa Willie' must undergo some alterations to suit the air. Mr. Erskine and I have been conning it over; he will suggest what is necessary to make them a fit match." With a few exceptions, the copy in the text agrees with the one proposed by Erskine; and Burns says in a subsequent letter, "My song, 'Here awa, there awa,' as amended by Mr. Erskine, I entirely approve of and return to you." Allan Cunningham observes that the heroine of this song is said to have been the lovely and accomplished Mrs. Riddel.



ERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa
hame;

Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

inter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee;
 elcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me!¹

st, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 auken,² ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

it oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring³ main;
 y I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe⁴ that my Willie's my ain.

LOGAN BRAES.*

TUNE—'LOGAN WATER.'



LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
 That day I was my Willie's bride;
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.

R. ¹ Erskine suggested,

"As simmer to nature, so Willie to me."

² Blow soft. *Erskine.*

³ Dark heaving. *Erskine.*

⁴ While dying, I think, &c. *Erskine.*

ns observes, about March, 1793, "I do not know whether
 song be really mended."

In a letter from Burns to Mr. Thomson, January 25th,
 18, he says, "Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom

But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

Again the merry month o' May,
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of 'Logan Water;' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer; and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done any thing at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit."

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
 As ye mak monie a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return?
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy¹
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan Braes!

THERE WAS A LASS.*

TUNE—'BONIE JEAN.'



HERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonie Jean.

VAR. ¹ Originally:

'Ye mind na, 'mid your cruel joys,
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cries.'

* On the 2nd July, 1793, Burns wrote to Thomson: "I have just finished the following ballad, and, as I do think it in my best style, I send it you. Mr. Clarke, who wrote down the air from Mrs. Burns' *wood-note wild*, is very fond of it; and has given it a celebrity by teaching it to some young ladies of the first fashion here." "The heroine of the foregoing is Miss M. daughter of Mr. M. of D. one of your subscribers." The lady in question was Jean, eldest daughter of John M'Murdo, Esq. of Drumlarnrig. She married Mr. Crawford. "I have not," said the Poet, "painted her in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager."

VOL. II.

Q

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrily :
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonie Jean.*

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;
Yet wistna what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin on the lily lea ?

* Burns asks Mr. Thomson if this stanza is not original?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
 His cheek to her's he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love :

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear ;
 O canst thou think to fancy me ?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me ?

At barn or byre thou shaltna drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee ;¹
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do ?
 She had nae will to say him na :
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.*

TUNE—'ROBIN ADAIR.'

HILE larks with little wing
 Fann'd the pure air,
 Tasting the breathing spring,
 Forth I did fare :

VAR. ¹ In a MS. copy, cited by Allan Cunningham, the
 sixth verse is omitted, and the first two lines of this stanza
 are omitted,

"Thy handsome foot thou shaltna set
 In barn or byre to trouble thee."

* Burns wrote to Thomson in August, 1793, "I have

Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among,
 Chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
Such thy bloom! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk
Caught in a snare:
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair.

tried my hand on 'Robin Adair,' and you will pro-
think, with little success; but it is such a cursed, c
out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing any
better to it." "So much for namby-pamby. I may,
all, try my hand on it in Scots verse. There I always
myself most at home."

"Phillis the Fair," according to Allan Cunningham
Phillis M'Murdo, afterwards Mrs. Norman Lockhart
Carnwath, and sister of "Bonnie Jean," of "There
a Lass;" and he adds, that "Burns wrote it at the re-
of Stephen Clarke, the musician, who believed him-
love with his charming pupil."

BY ALLAN STREAM.*

TUNE—'ALLAN WATER.'

BY Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Ben-
 leddi;†
 The winds were whispering thro' the
 grove,
 The yellow corn was waving ready:
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures monie;
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
 O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!‡

* Burns wrote to Mr. Thomson in August, 1793, "I walked out yesterday evening, with a volume of the 'Museum' in my hand; when turning up 'Allan Water,' 'What numbers shall the Muse repeat,' &c. as the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air; and recollecting that it is on your list, I sat, and raved, under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote out one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it not in my worst style. You must know, that in Ramsay's Tea-table, where the modern song first appeared, the ancient name of the tune, Allan says, is 'Allan Water,' or, 'My love Annie's very bonie.' This last has certainly been a line of the original song; so I took up the idea, and, as you will see, have introduced the line in its place, which I presume it formerly occupied; though I likewise give you a *choosing line*, if it should not hit the cut of your fancy. 'Bravo! say I: it is a good song.' Should you think so too (not else), you can set the music to it, and let the other follow as English verses. Autumn is my propitious season. I make more verses in it than in all the year else."

† "A mountain west of Strathallan, 3009 feet high."
 R. B.

‡ "Or, 'O my love Annie's very bonie.'" R. B.

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle mak it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said " I'm thine for ever !"
 While monie a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
 How cheery thro' her shortening day
 Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow !
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or, thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure ?

HAD I A CAVE.

TUNE—' ROBIN ADAIR.'*



AD I cave on some wild, distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves'
 dashing roar ;
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more.

* Burns wrote to Thomson in August, 1793, "That crinkum-crankum tune, Robin Adair, has run so in my

dearest of womankind, canst thou declare
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air?
 To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try,
 What peace is there!

and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt, that I have
 tired, in this morning's walk, one essay more. You, my
 sir, will remember an unfortunate part of our worthy
 Mr. C.'s story, which happened about three years ago.
 It struck my fancy, and I endeavoured to do the idea
 up, as follows."

The Poet afterwards said to Thomson, "I am glad you
 pleased with my song, 'Had I a Cave,' as I liked it my-

With reference to the tune, Burns elsewhere observes:
 In the way, I have met with a musical Highlander in
 Dalbaird's fencibles, which are quartered here, who as-
 sume that he well remembers his mother's singing Gaelic
 songs to both 'Robin Adair' and 'Gramachree.' They cer-
 tainly have more of the Scotch than the Irish taste in them.
 A man comes from the vicinity of Inverness: so it could
 be any intercourse with Ireland that could bring them;
 except, what I shrewdly suspect to be the case, the wan-
 ging minstrels, harpers, and pipers, used to go frequently
 through the wilds both of Scotland and Ireland, and
 some favourite airs might be common to both. A case in
 point—They have lately, in Ireland, published an Irish air,
 they say, called 'Caun du delish.' The fact is, in a pub-
 lication of Corri's, a great while ago, you will find the same
 called a Highland one, with a Gaelic song set to it. Its
 name, I think, is 'Oran Gaoil,' and a fine air it is. Do
 not forget Allan, or the Rev. Gaelic Parson, about these
 airs."

WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.*



WHISTLE and I'll come to you, my
lad:
O whistle and I'll come to you, my
lad:

Thy father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.¹

So wairly run when ye come to court me,
And sanna unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Sye up the back-sill, and let nasebody see,
And come as ye werena comin to me.
And some, &c.

O whistle, &c.

¹ V. c. In some of the MSS. the first four lines run
as follows:

O whistle and I'll come to thee, my jo,
O whistle and I'll come to thee, my jo,
Thy father and mother and a' should say no,
O whistle and I'll come to thee, my jo."

* Burns inquired of Thomson in August, 1793, "Is 'Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,' one of your airs? I admire it much: and yesterday I set the following verses to it. Urban, whom I have met with here, begged them of me, as he admires the air much: but as I understand that he looks with rather an evil eye on your work, I did not choose to comply. However, if the song does not suit your taste, I may possibly send it him. The set of the air, which I had in my eye, was Johnson's Museum."

About May, 1793, Burns wrote to Johnson, "In 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,' the iteration of that line

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'dna a flie:
 But steal me a blink o' your bonie black ee,
 Yet look as ye werena lookin' at me.
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye carena for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court'na anither, tho' jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

tiresome to my ear. Here goes what I think is an improvement:

O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad;
 O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad;
 Tho' father and mother, and a' should gae mad,
 Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.

"In fact, a fair dame at whose shrine I, the priest of the fine, offer up the incense of Parnassus; a dame whom the traces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the Loves have armed with lightning, a fair one, herself the heroine of the song, insists on the amendment; and disputes her commands if you dare!"

Mr. Allan Cunningham says it appears from one of the numerous variations, that the heroine's name was "Jeanie."

"Though father and mother and a' should gae mad,
 Thy *Jeanie* will venture wi' thee, my lad."

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR
STRIFE.*

TUNE—'MY JO, JANET.'

USBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy ?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience ;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so good-bye allegiance !

"Sad will I be, so bereft,¹
Nancy, Nancy !

VAR. ¹ The preceding lines in the MS. are only,

If the word is still obey,
Always love and fear you,
I will take myself away,
And never more come near you.

* These verses were sent to Thomson in December, 1793, and occur in vol. ii. p. 10, of his Collection. A copy in Burns' hand-writing still exists, and the variations between it and the text are here given.

Yet² I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it :
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think³ how you will bear it.

" I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

Well, sir,⁴ from the silent dead
Still⁵ I'll try to daunt you ;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

" I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy ;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

VAR. ² Still.

⁴ even.

³ omitted.

⁵ Sir.

DELUDED SWAIN.

TUNE—'THE COLLIER'S DOCHTER.'

BURNS wrote to Thomson in September, 1793: "I have been turning over some volumes of songs, to find ~~verses~~ whose measures would suit the airs for which you have allotted me to find English songs. For 'Muirland Willie' you have, in Ramsay's Tea-table, an excellent song, beginning, 'Ah, why those tears in Willie's eyes?' As for 'The Collier's Dochter,' take the following old Bacchanal:"



DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

O! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow;
Good claret set before thee:
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory.



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SONG.*

TUNE—'THE QUAKER'S WIFE.'¹

HINE am I, my faithful fair,²
 Thine, my lovely Nancy;
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay³ my heart,
 There to throb and languish:
 Tho' despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure!
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure!

VAR. ¹ Not in the MS.

² In the MS. copy Burns has thus varied the first stanza from what he originally wrote, an alteration dictated, probably, by a change in the object of his temporary devotion:

Thine am I, my lovely Kate,
 Well thou may'st discover,
 Every pulse along my veins
 Tell the ardent lover!

³ take.

* In October, 1793, Burns said: "I am pleased that you are reconciled to the air of the 'Quaker's Wife,' though, by the bye, an old Highland gentleman, and a deep antiquarian, tells me it is a Gaelic air, and known by the name of 'Leiger m' choss.' The following verses I hope will please you, as an English song to the air." Mr. Cunningham suggests that this song was inspired by the fair Clarinda so often noticed.

What is life when wanting love?
 Night without a morning!
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?*

A NEW SCOTS SONG.

TUNE—'THE SUTOR'S DOCHTER.'



WILT thou be my dearie?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee!
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shalt ever be my dearie—
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shalt ever be my dearie.

* On the 3rd March, 1792, Burns wrote to Mr. Cunningham: "Thank Heaven, I feel my spirits buoying upwards with the renovating year. Now I shall in good earnest take up Thomson's songs. I dare say he thinks I have used him unkindly, and I must own with too much appearance of truth. *Apropos*, do you know the much admired old Highland air called 'The Sutor's Dochter?' It is a first-rate favourite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it. I will send it to you as it was sung with great applause in some fashionable circles by Major Robertson, of Lude, who was here with his corps." Allan Cunningham says, "This song is said to have been composed in honour of Janet Miller, of Dalswinton, mother of the present Earl of Mar, one of the most beautiful women of her time."

Lassie, say thou lo'es me ;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me :
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me—
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

BANKS OF CREE.*

TUNE—'THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.'

ERE is the glen, and here the bower,
 All underneath the birchen shade ;
 The village-bell has toll'd the hour,
 O what can stay my lovely maid ?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call ;
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

In May, 1794, Burns said : " Now, for six or seven
 years, I shall be quite in song, as you shall see by and
 I got an air, pretty enough, composed by Lady Eliza-
 Heron, of Heron, which she calls 'The Banks of the
 ' Cree is a beautiful romantic stream ; and as her
 ship is a particular friend of mine, I have written this
 to it."

It is Maria's voice I hear !
 So calls the woodlark in the grove
 His little faithful mate to cheer,
 At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come ? and art thou true ?
 O welcome, dear, to love and me !
 And let us all our vows renew,
 Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.*

TUNE—' O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.'



OW can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my Sailor lad ?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe'

* On the 30th August, 1794, Burns wrote to Mr. Tson, "The last evening, as I was straying out, and thinking of 'O'er the hills and far away,' I spun the following stanza for it; but whether my spinning will deserve to be laid in store, like the precious thread of the silk-worm, or burnt to the devil, like the vile manufacture of the spider, I leave to my dear sir, to your usual candid criticism. I was provided with several lines in it at first; but I own, that now it appears rather a flimsy business. This is just a hasty sketch until I see whether it be worth a critique. We have sailor songs; but, as far as I at present recollect, the most of the effusions of the jovial sailor, not the wailing of his love-torn mistress. I must here make one exception: 'Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came.' Now for the rest, I give you leave to abuse this Song, but do it in the spirit of Christian meekness."

Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love ;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away ;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My Sailor's thund'ring at his gun :
Bullets, spare my only joy !
Bullets, spare my darling boy !
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away !
On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power ;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,

In September following he said: "I shall withdraw my
On the Seas and far away' altogether; it is unequal, and
unworthy of the work. Making a poem is like begetting a
son; you cannot know whether you have a wise man or a
fool, until you produce him to the world and try him."

Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.
 On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet :
 Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales
 Fill my Sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.
 On the seas, &c.

HARK! THE MAVIS.*

TUNE—'CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES."

CHORUS.



A' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them where the burnie rows,
 My bonie dearie.

* In September, 1794, the Poet wrote to Thomson, "I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes,' it was owing to me that ever it saw the light. About seven years ago I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. Clunie, who sang it charmingly and, at my request, Mr. Clarke took it down from his sing-

Hark ! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang ;
Then a faulding let us gang,
 My bonie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide .
 To the moon sae clearly.
 Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
 Fairies dance sae cheery.
 Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
 My bonie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart ;

g. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. 'Here it is, with all its crudities and imperfections on its head.' Allan Cunningham (vol. iv. p. 151) has given another and a very different version of this song.

I can die—but canna part,
 My bonie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
 Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ce,
 Ye shall be my dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'*

TUNE—'ONAGH'S WATER-FALL.'



AE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'erarching
 Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.

* In September, 1794, Burns wrote to Thomson, "Do you know a blackguard Irish song, called 'Onagh's Water-fall?' The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses on it. It is too much, at least for my humble rustic Muse, to expect that every effort of hers shall have merit; still, I think that it is better to have *médiocre* verses to a favourite air than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the Scots Musical Museum, and as that publication is at its last volume, I intend the following song, to the air above mentioned, for that work. If it does not suit you as an editor, you may be pleased to have verses to it that you can sing before ladies."

This Song occurs both in Johnson's Museum and in Thomson's Collection; and in the latter work the heroine is said to have been Miss Lorimer, of Craigieburn, near Moffat.

Her smiling, sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe ;
What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow !
Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
 When first her bonie face I saw,
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion ;
 Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky ;
Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air ;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair :
Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law ;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon ;
Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon
Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang ;
While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang :
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a' ?

HOW LANG AND DREARY.*

TUNE—' CAULD KAIL IS ABERDEEN.'



OW lang and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie;
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.

CHOEUS.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
 And now that seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie!
 For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
 The joyless day how drearie!
 It wasna sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 For oh, &c.

* On sending 'How lang and dreary is the night,' Thomson, on the 19th October, 1794, Burns said: "I : with some such words in a collection of songs somewhat which I altered and enlarged; and to please you, and to : your favourite air, I have taken a stride or two across : room, and have arranged it anew, as you will find on : other page." Allan Cunningham, vol. iv. p. 96, has printed an earlier version of this song.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE—'DEIL TAK THE WARS.'

IN October, 1794, Burns informed Thomson, "Since the above ['Let not woman e'er complain'] I have been out in the country, taking a dinner with a friend, where I met with the lady whom I mentioned in the second page of this odds and ends of a letter. As usual, I got into song; and returning home I composed the following."

In November, 1794, Burns wrote to Thomson: "I am out of temper that you should set so sweet, so tender an air to 'Deil tak the wars,' to the foolish old verses. You talk of the silliness of 'Saw ye my father:' by heavens, the odds are gold to brass! Besides, the old song, though now pretty well modernized into the Scottish language, is, originally, and in the early editions, a bungling low imitation of the Scottish manner, by that genius Tom D'Urfey; so has no pretensions to be a Scottish production. There is a pretty English song by Sheridan in the *Duenna*, to this air, which is out of sight superior to D'Urfey's. It begins,

'When sable night each drooping plant restoring.'

The air, if I understand the expression of it properly, is the very native language of simplicity, tenderness, and love. I have again gone over my song to the tune as follows."

Burns elsewhere says of this song, "I could easily throw this into an English mould; but, to my taste, in the simple and the tender of the pastoral song, a sprinkling of the old Scottish has an inimitable effect." The heroine was Miss Lorimer, of Craigieburn.



LEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest
creature?

Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:

Now thro' the leafy woods,¹
 And by the reeking floods,
 Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower; -
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' songs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,²
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'ercrest my sullen sky:
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When thro' my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart—
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

VAR. ¹ Now to the streaming fountain,
 Or up the heathy mountain—
 The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton str
 In twining hazel bowers
 His lay the linnet pours:
 The lav'rock, &c.

² When frae my Chloris parted,
 Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
 Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercrest n
 But when she charms my sight,
 In pride of beauty's light,
 When thro' my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart,
 'Tis then, 'tis then I wake to life and joy.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.*

TUNE—'ROTHIEMURCHUS'S RANT.'

CHORUS.



ASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
 Wilt thou be my dearie O?

* Burns wrote to Thomson in September, 1794: "Not to compare small things with great, my taste in music is like the mighty Frederick of Prussia's taste in painting: we are told that he frequently admired what the connoisseurs decried, and always without any hypocrisy confessed his admiration. I am sensible that my taste in music must be inelegant and vulgar, because people of undisputed and cultivated taste can find no merit in my favourite tunes. Still, because I am cheaply pleased, is that any reason why I should deny myself that pleasure? Many of our strathspeys, ancient and modern, give me most exquisite enjoyment, where you and other judges would probably be showing disgust. For instance, I am just now making verses for 'Rothiemurche's Rant,' an air which puts me in raptures; and in fact, unless I be pleased with the tune, I never can make verses to it. Here I have Clarke on my side, who is a judge that I will pit against any of you. 'Rothiemurche,' he says, is an air both original and beautiful; and on his recommendation I have taken the first part of the tune for a chorus, and the fourth or last part for the song. I am but two stanzas deep in the work, and possibly you may think, and justly, that the poetry is as little worth your attention as the music."

In November, 1794, he said, "I have finished my song to 'Rothiemurche's Rant;' and you have Clarke to consult, as to the set of the air for singing. This piece has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral: the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded."

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O?
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.¹
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie O?

VAR. ¹ Mr. Allan Cunningham says in some copies
last verse stands thus:

And should the howling wintry blast
Disturb my lassie's midnight rest,
I'll fauld thee to my faithfu' breast,
And comfort thee, my dearie O.

THE AULD MAN.

TUNE—'THE DEATH OF THE LINNET.'*

JERNS wrote on the 19th October, 1794: "I enclose you a musical curiosity, an East Indian air, which you would swear is a Scottish one. I know the authenticity of it, as the gentleman who brought it over is a particular acquaintance mine. Do preserve me the copy I send you, as it is the only one I have. Clarke has set a bass to it, and I intend putting it into the Musical Museum. Here follow the verses intended for it:"

BUT lately seen in gladsome green
The woods rejoic'd the day,
Thro' gentle showers the laughing
flowers

In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.
Oh, age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again?

* In Allan Cunningham's edition, the tune is said to be, *the Winter of Life.* It occurs both in Johnson's *Museum*. It is in Thomson's *Collection*, where it is set to '*Gilbrice.*'

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.*

TUNE—'NANCY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE.'

FAREWELL, thou stream that win
 flows
 Around Eliza's dwelling !
 O Mem'ry ! spare the cruel thro
 Within my bosom swelling :
 Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
 And yet in secret languish,
 To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
 Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown
 I fain my griefs would cover :
 The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st me to despair,
 Nor wilt nor canst relieve me ;
 But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
 For pity's sake forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,
 Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
 Till fears no more had sav'd me :
 Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing,
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

* This song was sent to Thomson in November, 1

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.*

TUNE—' LUMPS O' PUDDING.'



CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi'
 mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and
 care,
 I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' along,
 Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
 But man is a soger, and Life is a faught:
 My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
 touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';
 When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

* On the 19th November, 1794, Burns wrote to Thomson: "Scottish Bacchanalians we certainly want, though the few we have are excellent. For instance, 'Todlin hame' is, for wit and humour, an unparalleled composition; and 'Andra and his cutty gun' is the work of a master. By the way, are you not quite vexed to think that those men of genius, for such they certainly were, who composed our fine Scottish lyrics, should be unknown? It has given me many a heart-ache. *Aprpos* of Bacchanalian songs in Scottish; I composed one yesterday for an air I like much—'Lumps o' pudding.'"

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her
 way,
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jad gas:
 Come case, or come travail; come pleasure or
 pain,
 My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome
 again!"

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

TUNE—'THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE
 COMES HAME.'

IN December, 1794, Burns told Thomson, "I agree with you that the Jacobite song, in the Museum, to 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame,' would not so well consort with Peter Pindar's excellent love-song to that air, I have just framed for you the following." Clarinda has been supposed to be the 'Nannie' of this song.

OW in her green mantle blythe¹ nature
 arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat
 o'er the braes,
 While² birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw:
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn;
 And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn:
 They pain my sad⁴ bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—my⁵ Nannie's awa.

VAR. ¹ gay.

² And.

³ The primrose and daisy our glens may adorn.

⁴ torture my. ⁵ and.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
 And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa',
 Gie over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,⁶
 And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay;
 The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
 Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE.*

TUNE—'CRAIGIEBURN-WOOD.'



WEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
 And blythe awakes the morrow,
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

VAR. ⁶ array.

* In January, 1795, Burns asked Thomson, "How will the following do for Craigieburn-wood?" Mr. Thomson states in his Collection (vol. i. p. 32) that "the heroine of this Song was Miss Lorimer, of Craigieburn, near Moffat, to whom, under the name of Chloris, the Poet had addressed several of his most enchanting songs." Craigieburn-wood is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, about three miles distant from the village of that name, celebrated for its medicinal waters. This wood and that of Duncrieff were at one time favourite haunts of Burns. It was there he met the 'Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,' and composed several of his songs.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing ;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger ;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fa' frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?*

TUNE—'LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.'



LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
 Or art thou wakin, I would wit?
 For love has bound me, hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night ;
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 O rise and let me in, jo.

* In February, 1795, Burns said to Thomson: "Here is another trial at your favourite air. I do not know whether it will do."

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet ;
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blows,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
 O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain !
 Gae back the gait ye cam again,
 I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night ;
 And ance for a' this ae night,
 I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed ;

Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

SONG.*

TUNE—'HUMOURS OF GLEN.'



THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles let foreign
 lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers ex-
 alt their perfume ;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow
 broom.

Far dearer to me are yon¹ humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan² lurk lowly un-
 seen :

VAR. ¹ these.² blue-bells and gowans.

* In May, 1795, Thomson said to Burns, "The Irish air, 'Humours of Glen,' is a great favourite of mine; and as, except the silly stuff in the 'Poor Soldier,' there are not any decent verses for it, I have written for it as follows."

This copy has been collated with one in Burns' hand, thus marked: "To provost E. Whigham, this first copy of the song; from the Author."

For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave ;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
palace,
What are they ? The haunt of the tyrant and
slave !

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling foun-
tains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

'Twas NA HER BONIE BLUE E'E.*

TUNE—'LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME.'



WAS na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin ;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my un-
doing ;
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did
mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kind-
ness.

* This song, of which the following copy has been taken from one in Burns' autograph, was sent to Thomson in May, 1795. Mr. Allan Cunningham says, Jean Lorimer was the heroine, and that copies exist in which the name of *Jeanie* stands in the first line of the last verse ; but in this MS. that of *Chloris* is inserted instead of *Mary*, which usually occurs.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
 But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
 Sponer the sun in his motion would falter.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.*

TUNE—'WHERE'LL BONIE ANN LIE.'



STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art;
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
 Sic notes o' wae could wauken.

* In May, 1795, Burns requested Thomson to let him know, at his very first leisure, how he liked this song.

Thou tells o' never-ending care ;
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair ;
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
 Or my poor heart is broken !

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.*

TUNE—'JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.'



OW cruel are the parents
 Who riches only prize,
 And to the wealthy booby
 Poor woman sacrifice.
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife ;
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Becomes a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun impelling ruin
 Awhile her pinions tries ;
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet.

* Altered from an old English song.

MARK YONDER POMP.*

TUNE—'DEIL TAK THE WARS.'

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy, titled bride,
 But when compar'd with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.

What are the showy treasures?

What are the noisy pleasures?

The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:

The polish'd jewel's blaze

May draw the wond'ring gaze,

And courtly grandeur bright

The fancy may delight,

But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,

In simplicity's array;

Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,

Shrinking from the gaze of day.

O then, the heart alarming,

And all resistless charming,

* Of this and the preceding song, "How cruel, &c." Burns says, in May, 1795, "Well! this is not amiss. You see how I answer your orders: your tailor could not be more punctual. I am just now in a high fit of poetising, provided that the strait-jacket of criticism don't cure me. If you can in a post or two administer a little of the intoxicating potion of your applause, it will raise your humble servant's frenzy to any height you want. I am at this moment 'holding high converse' with the Muses, and have not a word to throw away on such a prosaic dog as you are."

In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing
soul!

Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown ;
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.

I SEE A FORM, I SEE A FACE.

TUNE—' THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.'



THIS is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen ;

But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the ee.
 O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her ee.
 O this is no, &c.

O BONIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.*

TUNE—' I WISH MY LOVE WAS IN A MIRE.'



BONIE was yon rosy brier,
 That bloomssae fair frae haunto'man;
 And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
 It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

* On Aug. 3, 1795, Burns wrote, "Do you know that you have roused the torpidity of Clarke at last? He has requested me to write three or four songs for him, which he is to set to music himself. The enclosed sheet contains two songs for him,† which please to present to my much-valued friend Cunningham. I enclose the sheet open, both for your inspection, and that you may copy the song 'O bonie was yon rosy brier.' I do not know whether I am right; but that song pleases me, and as it is extremely probable that Clarke's newly roused celestial spark will be soon smothered in the fogs of indolence, if you like the song, it may go as Scottish verses to the air of 'I wish my love was in a mire,' and poor Erskine's English lines may follow." Thomson says Miss Lorimer was also the heroine of this song.

† The other Song was "Now spring has clad the grove in green."

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure among the leaves sae green ;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
 And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FORLORN, MY LOVE.*

TUNE—'LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.'



FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
 Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe
 At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

O wert thou, love, but near me,
 But near, near, near me ;
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love.

* About August, 1795, Burns asked Thomson, "How do you like the foregoing? I have written it within this hour, so much for the *speed* of my Pegasus; but what say you to his *bottom*?"

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in those arms of thine, love.
 O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say that fate is mine, love.
 O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
 O let me think we yet shall meet!
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
 O wert, &c.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.*

TUNE—'LOTHIAN LASSIE.'

AST May a braw wooer cam doun
 lang glen
 And sair wi' his love he did deave
 I said there was naething I hated
 men,

* About August, 1795, the following song was at Thomson with the one beginning, "Why, why tel lover." Allan Cunningham has given another version of this song.

The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean :
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying !

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd ;
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her !
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,*
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could
bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,*

* In the original MS. this line stood,

“ He up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess.”

Mr. Thomson, having objected to this word, as well as to the word *Dalgarnock* in the next verse, Burns replied :—
“ Gateslack is the name of a particular place, a kind of passage up among the Lowther hills, on the confines of this county. Dalgarnock is also the name of a romantic spot near the Nith, where are still a ruined church and a burial-ground. However, let the first line run, ‘ He up the lang loan, &c.’ ”

And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
 And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet—
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.*

TUNE—'BALINAMONA ORA.'



WA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's salarma,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your
 arms :
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

* Burns wrote to Thomson, February, 1796, "I am much pleased with your idea of publishing a collection of our

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CHORUS.

Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey, for
a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher ; the nice yellow
guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green
knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white
yowes.
Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest ;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

songs in octavo with etchings. I am extremely willing to lend every assistance in my power. The Irish airs I shall cheerfully undertake the task of finding verses for. I have already, you know, equipt three with words, and the other day I strung up a kind of rhapsody to another Hibernian melody, which I admire much."

ALTHO' THOU MAUN NEVER BE MINE.*

TUNE—'HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA, HINEY.'

CHORUS.



HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear,
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
 Thou art as sweet as the smile when
 fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou maun never be mine,
 Altho' even hope is denied;
 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
 Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
 Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
 As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms:

* About June, 1796, Burns wrote to Thomson, "I once mentioned to you an air which I have long admired, 'Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney,' but I forget if you took any notice of it. I have just been trying to suit it with verses, and I beg leave to recommend the air to your attention once more. I have only begun it."

As in Burns' letters to Mr. Thomson, he only sent three verses, it was supposed that the Poet had not completed the song. Among his MSS. a copy was, however, found with the *fourth* stanza. The heroine was Jesse Lewars, now Mrs. Thomson, of Dumfries, "whose tender attentions," Mr. Allan Cunningham observes, "soothed the last days of the departing Poet, and if immortality in song can be considered a recompence, *she* has been rewarded."

But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy !
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee ;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy !
Here's a health, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.*

CHORUS.

ONIE lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will
ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go to the Birks
of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithly sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

* Burns says he composed this song while standing under the falls of Aberfeldy, near Moness, in Perthshire, in September, 1787.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring frae
 O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading al
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flo
 White o'er the linns the burnie pou
 And rising, weets wi' misty shower
 The Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonie lassie, &c.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER

TUNE—'MORAG.'

LLOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains co
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland F
 Far wanders nations over.
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden :
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle-Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And every flower be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle-Gordon.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

TUNE—'AN GILLE DUBH CIAR DHUBH.'



TAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
 Well you know how much you grieve me;
 Cruel charmer, can you go?
 Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill requited;
 By the faith you fondly plighted;
 By the pangs of lovers slighted;
 Do not, do not leave me so!
 Do not, do not leave me so!

FULL WELL THOU KNOW'ST.*

TUNE—'ROTHIEMURCHUS'S RANT.'

CHORUS.



FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear,
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
 O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
 Nor use a faithful lover so?"
 Fairest maid, &c.

* This song is of peculiar interest, from its being probably the last Burns ever wrote. It was sent to Mr. Thomson in the following pathetic letter, the manual character of the writing of which, as well as of the verses indicate the Poet's enfeebled state. Burns died nine days afterwards.

"Brow, on the Solway Frith, 12th July, 1796.

"After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel * * * * * of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post. Forgive me this earnestness, but the horrors of a jail have made me half-distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously; for, upon returning health, I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with five pounds worth of the neatest song genius you have seen. I tried my hand on 'Rothiemurche' this morning. The measure is so difficult, that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines: they are on the other side. Forgive, forgive me!"

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, O, let me share ;
 And by thy beauteous self I swear,
 No love but thine my heart shall know.
 Fairest maid, &c.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.*

DHICKEST night, o'erhang¹ my dwelling !
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave !
 Turbid² torrents, wintry³ swelling,
 Still surround⁴ my lonely cave !

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engag'd,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,

VAR. ¹ darkness surround.

² sweeping.

³ turbid.

⁴ Roaring by.

* The Poet imagines in this Lament James Drummond, Viscount Strathallan, giving vent to his sorrows after his flight from Culloden, while concealed in a cave in the Highlands. Burns says, "This air is the composition of one of the worthiest and best-hearted men living, Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. But, to tell the truth, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*." The variations are from Burns' own manuscript.

Honour's war we strongly wag'd,
But the heavens deny'd success.⁵

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,⁶
Not⁷ a hope that dare⁸ attend;
The wide world is all before us⁹—
But a world without a friend!

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.*

TUNE—'M'GREGOR OF RUARA'S LAMENT.'



AVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring:
"Farewell, hours that late did measure

⁵ Farewell, fleeting, fickle treasure,
Between Misfortune and Folly shar'd!
Farewell, Peace, and farewell, Pleasure!
Farewell, flattering man's regard!

⁶ me

⁷ Nor dare.

⁸ my fate.

⁹ me.

* Burns says, he composed this song on Miss Isabella M'Leod, of Raasay, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband the late Earl of Loudon, who shot himself out of sheer heart-break, at some mortifications he suffered, owing to the deranged state of his finances. James, 5th Earl of Loudon, married, in 1777, Flora, eldest daughter of John M'Leod, of Raasay, in Inverness, and died on the 28th of April, 1786, leaving an only child, by marriage, Marchioness of Hastings, in her own right, Countess of Loudon.

Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

“ O’er the past too fondly wandering,
 On the hopeless future pondering ;
 Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell despair my fancy seizes.
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Load to misery most distressing,
 O, how gladly I’d resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee !”

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.*

TUNE—‘ DRUIMION DUBH.’



USING on the roaring ocean
 Which divides my love and me ;
 Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
 For his weal where’er he be.

Hope and fear’s alternate billow
 Yielding late to nature’s law ;
 Whisp’ring spirits round my pillow
 Talk of him that’s far awa.

* Allan Cunningham says, this song was composed in compliment to Mrs. M’Lauchlan, whose husband was an officer serving in the East Indies.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
 Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;
 Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
 Spirits kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that's far awa!

BLITHE WAS SHE.*

TUNE—' ANDRO AND HIS CUTTIE GUN.'

CHORUS.



LITHE, blithe and merry was she,
 Blithe was she but and ben:
 Blithe by the banks of Ern,
 But blither in Glenturit glen.

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
 But Phemie was a bonier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
 Blithe, &c.

* "I composed these verses," says Burns, "while I stayed at Auchtertyre with Sir William Murray." The lady, who was also at Auchtertyre at the same time, was the well known toast, Miss Euphemia Murray, of Lintrose, who was called 'The Flower of Strathmore.' Allan Cunningham says, the Poet accompanied her as one of a small party along the banks of Erne and to Glenturit, and that she liked to stand by his side, and to point out what pleased her in the landscape.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 Her smile was like a sinmer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Ern
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blithe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek
 As onie lamb's upon a lee;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
 Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
 But Phemie was the blithest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.
 Blithe, &c.

PEGGY'S CHARMS.*

TUNE—'NEIL GOW'S LAMENTATION FOR ABERCAIRNY.'

 HERE, braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochels rise,
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wondering eyes.

* The following letter to Miss Margaret Chalmers, "one of the most accomplished of women, afterwards Mrs. Lewis Hay, of Forbes and Co.'s Bank, Edinburgh," shows who was the heroine of this song, and the time when it was composed:

"My dear Madam, Edinburgh, Dec. 1787.

"I just now have read yours. The poetic compliments I pay cannot be misunderstood. They are neither of them so

As one who, by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish'd doubly, marks it beam
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their pow'r !
 The tyrant death with grim control
 May seize my fleeting breath ;
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

particular as to point *you* out to the world at large ; and the circle of your acquaintances will allow all I have said. Besides, I have complimented you chiefly, almost solely, on your mental charms. Shall I be plain with you. I will ; so look to it. Personal attractions, Madam, you have much above par ; wit, understanding, and worth, you possess in the first class. This is a cursed flat way of telling you these truths, but let me hear no more of your sheepish timidity. I know the world a little. I know what they will say of my poems ; by second sight I suppose, for I am seldom out in my conjectures ; and you may believe me, my dear madam, I would not run any risk of hurting you by an ill-judged compliment. I wish to show to the world, the odds between a poet's friends and those of simple prosemen. More for your information, *both* the pieces go in. One of them, ' Where braving all the winter's harms,' is already set—the tune is ' Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny,' the other is to be set to an old Highland air in Daniel Dow's Collection of antient Scots music, the name is ' Ha a Chailich air mo Dheidh.' ”

THE LAZY MIST.*

IRISH AIR—'COOLUN.'



HE lazy mist hangs from the brow of
the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-
winding rill;

How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year!
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues;

How long I have lived, but how much lived in vain:
How little of life's scanty span may remain:
What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn;
What ties, cruel fate in my bosom has torn.
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how
pain'd!

This life's not worth having with all it can give,
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

* The authorship of this song was once doubtful, but it is proved to have been written by Burns, by his having sent it with the "Mother's Lament" to Dr. Blacklock in November, 1788. In his manuscript notes to Johnson's Museum, he expressly says, "This song is mine," and it is attributed to him in that work.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.*

TUNE—'THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.'



ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

* This song was written on Miss Jeanie Cruickshank only child of William Cruickshanks, of the High School Edinburgh, afterwards Mrs. Henderson of Jedburgh. The "Rose Bud" has been already noticed.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.*

TUNE—'INVERCAULD'S REEL.'

CHORUS.



TIBBIE, I hae seen the day,
 Ye would na been sae shy;
 For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure:
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

* "This song," says Burns, "I composed about the age of seventeen." It occurs in Johnson's Museum. Mr. Allan Cunningham states, "Tibbie was the daughter of a pensioner of Kyle,—a man with three acres of peat moss—an inheritance which she thought entitled her to treat a landless wooer with disdain."

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows onie saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear
Be better than the kye.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddy's gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad spier your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I would na gie her in her sark,
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Ye need na look sae high.
O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I LOVE MY JEAN.*

TUNE—'MISS ADMIRAL GORDON'S STRATHSPEY.'



F a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And monie a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair :
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

* "This air," says Burns, "is by Marshal; the song I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns. N.B. It was during the honeymoon." Mr. Allan Cunningham has inserted two additional verses which, he says, are generally sung by the Peasantry. In Thomson's Collection two other verses occur, which are said to have been added by Mr. Richardson for that work.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL!*

TUNE—'MY LOVE IS LOST TO ME.'



WERE I on Parnassus' hill !
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.

But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
 My Muse maun be thy bonie sel ;
 On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I coud na sing, I coud na say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting looks, thy roguish een—
 By Heaven and earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
 And aye I muse and sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.

* Burns says, "The air is Oswald's: the song I made out of compliment to Mrs. Burns;" and Allan Cunningham states, that with it he welcomed his wife to Ellisland.

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run ;
 Till then—and then I'd love thee.

THE BLISSFUL DAY.*

TUNE—' SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.'

 HE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave thee more, it made thee mine.

* In a letter to Miss Chalmers, from Ellisland, 16th September, 1783, Burns says: "Johnson's collection of Scots songs is going on in the third volume, and of consequence finds me a conscript for a great deal of idle metre. One of the most tolerable things I have done in that way, is two stanzas that I made to an air a musical gentleman of my acquaintance composed for the anniversary of his wedding-day, which happens on the 7th of November. Take it as follows." Elsewhere the Poet observes, "I composed this song out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, Robert Riddel, of Glenriddel, and his lady. At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life."

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give;
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live!
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.*

TUNE—'MISS FORBES'S FAREWELL TO BANFF.'



HE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But nature sicken'd on the ee.
 Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel in beauty's bloom the whyle,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.

* Burns says, "I composed these verses on the amiable and excellent family of Whitefoord leaving Ballochmyle, when Sir John's misfortunes obliged him to sell the estates." Maria Whitefoord, afterwards Mrs. Cranston, mentioned in the first stanza, was the eldest daughter of that gentleman.

But here, alas ! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile ;
 Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle.

THE HAPPY TRIO.*

TUNE—'WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.'*



WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan came to see ;
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS.

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee ;
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

* This song, which is called in Thomson's Collection, "The Happy Trio," was written to commemorate the "house heating," or, as it is termed in England, the "house warming," at Laggan, in Dunscore, of William Nicol, one of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh. Burns says, "This air is Masterton's; the song mine. The occasion of it was this. Mr. William Nicol, of the High School of Edinburgh, during the Autumn vacation, being at Moffat, honest Allan, who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and I, went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business." Burns quoted the first and last verses of this song in his letter to Captain Riddel, in October, 1789, on the important contest for the Whistle.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And monie a night we've merry been,
 And monie mae we hope to be!
 We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the King amang us three!
 We are na fou, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.*

TUNE—'THE BLATHRIE O'T.'



GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonie blue.

* Burns being at Lochmaben, spent an evening at the manse with the Rev. Andrew Jeffery. His daughter Jean, then a handsome girl of seventeen, with laughing blue eyes, says Allan Cunningham, presided at the tea-table, and made herself so agreeable to the Poet, that the next morning he sent her this song. The lady was afterwards Mrs. Renwick, of New York.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom lily-white ;—
 It was her een sae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how ;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed ;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow :
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonie blue.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

 OHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And monie a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :

Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

TAM GLEN.

TUNE—'THE MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE.'

MY heart is abreaking, dear Tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity;
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen';
 What eare I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
 "Guid-day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
 He brags and he blows o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten :
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin—
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry ;
 I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

GANE IS THE DAY.

TUNE—'GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.'



ANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And bluid-red wine's the risin sun.

CHORUS.

Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
 Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie
 mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple-folk maun fecht and fen',
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
 Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
 Then guidwife count, &c.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.



MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luve o' my
 kin;

But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie,
 My Tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
 It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
 My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
 He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airt-penny,
 My Tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN
AULD MAN?

TUNE—'WHAT CAN A LASSIE DO?'



WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a
young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an
auld man?

Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the penny, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin till e'enin,
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang:
He's doylt and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him do a' that I can;
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and rack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

TUNE—'THE MOUDIEWORT.'

CHORUS.



N O for ane and twenty, Tam !
 An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.
 An O for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
 An O for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam ;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam !
 An O for ane, &c.

THE BONIE WEE THING.*

TUNE—'THE LADS OF SALTCOATS.'

BONIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

* Burns says this song was composed "on my little idol, the charming lovely Davies." Allan Cunningham has given a very affecting history of the fair heroine of this song. Her name was Deborah, and she was the daughter of Dr. Davies, of Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, and was related to the Riddels, of Friars Carse. In 1791, she was in her twentieth year, equally agreeable and witty, and so little and so handsome, that some one welcomed her to the vale of Nith as one of the Graces in miniature. She formed an unfortunate attachment for a Captain Delany, "his regiment was called abroad, he went with it; she heard from him but once and no more, and was left to mourn the change of affection—to droop and die." Thus, like another victim of ill requited love, her "heaviest ill" was

"neglect, forgetfulness from him
 Whom she had loved so dearly—once he wrote,
 But only once that drop of comfort came,
 To mingle with her cup of wretchedness—"

"So she pined and pined away;
 But she did rest her soon, for it pleased God
 To take her to His mercy."

Some pathetic lines on her fate were found among her papers. Burns sent these verses to Miss Davies in a letter which Mr. Cunningham has printed, wherein he speaks of the "generous warmth and angelic purity of her mind," and describes his mental sufferings in strong, if not exaggerated, language. It would seem that he sent this song to her in compliance with her wishes, as he says, "Nothing less, Madam, could have made me so long neglect your

Wistfully I look and languish
 In that bonie face o' thine ;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine ;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine !
 Bonie wee, &c.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE—'ROBIE DONNA GORACH.'



HE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand ;
 But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high com-
 mand :

When shall I see that honour'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear !
 Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
 For ever, ever keep me here ?

obliging commands. Indeed, I had one apology—the bagatelle was not worth presenting. Besides, so strongly am I interested in Miss Davies' fate and welfare, in the serious business of life, and its chances and changes, that to make her the subject of a silly ballad is downright mockery of those ardent feelings; 'tis like an impertinent jest to a dying friend."

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom ;
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom !
 Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Amang the friends of early days !

BESSY AND HER SPINNIN WHEEL.*

TUNE—'BOTTOM OF THE PUNCH BOWL.'



LEEZE¹ me on my spinnin wheel,
 O leeze² me on my rock and reel ;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !

I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
 O leeze³ me on my spinnin wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot ;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,

VAR. ¹ weels. ² And weels. ³ weels.

* The variations are from a copy in Burns' writing.

Alike to screen⁴ the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest :
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blithe I turn my spinnin wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons⁵ the doolfu' tale ;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays :
 The craik amang the claver hay,
 The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse⁶ me at my spinnin wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 O wha wad leave⁷ this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great ?
 Amid⁸ their flarin, idle toys,
 Amid⁸ their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinnin wheel ?

VAR. ⁴ shield ⁵ echoes con. ⁶ Rejoice.
 ⁷ change. ⁸ Amang.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

TUNE—'JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.'



IN simmer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
 While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield;
 Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
 Says, 'I'll be wed, come o't what will;
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 'O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

'It's ye hae wooers monie a ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
 There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
 Tak this frae me, my bonie hen,
 It's plenty beets the luvver's fire.'

'For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen
 I dinna care a single flie;
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae luv to spare for me:
 But blithe's the blink o' Robie's ee,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
 Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.'

‘O thoughtless lassie, life’s a faught ;
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
 But aye fu’ han’t is fechtin best,
 A hungry care’s an unco care :
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 An’ wilfu’ folk maun hae their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.’

‘O, gear will buy me rigs o’ land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
 But the tender heart o’ leesome luv
 The gowd and siller canna buy :
 We may be poor—Robie and I
 Light is the burden luv lays on ;
 Content and luv brings peace and joy,
 What mair hae queens upon a throne?’

FAIR ELIZA.*

TUNE—‘THE BONIE BRUCKET LASSIE.’¹



URN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part
 Rew on thy despairing lover !
 Canst thou break his faithfu

* Allan Cunningham says, the name of the f was originally “Rabina,” to whom one of the Po was attached ; and that the name was changed the request of Johnson.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza ;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise !

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended ?
The offence is loving thee ;
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die ?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon ;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon ;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his ee,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.



HE'S fair and fause that causes my
smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang :
She's broken her vow, she's broken
my heart,

And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof came in wi' routh o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear,
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind :
 O Woman lovely, Woman fair !
 An Angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to've gien thee mair,
 I mean an Angel mind.

THE POSIE.*



LUVE will venture in, where it daur
 na weel be seen,
 O luve will venture in, where wisdom
 ance has been ;
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood
 sae green,
 And a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,

* " 'The Posie' in the 'Museum,' " says Burns in a letter to Mr. Thomson, in October, 1794, " is my composition. The air was taken down from Mrs. Burns' voice."

For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms
without a peer ;
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in
view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou ;
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging
blue,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there ;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna
tak away ;
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een
sae clear :
The violets for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o' luvè,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by
a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall
ne'er remuve,
And this will be a Posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.*

TUNE—'THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT.'



E banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

* In January, 1787, Burns sent the following original version of this song to Mr. Ballantyne, "while," he said, "here I sit, sad and solitary by the side of a fire in a little country inn, and drying my wet clothes."

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye blume sae fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
 That sings upon the bough;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days,
 When my fause luvie was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
 That sings beside thy mate;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
 To see the wood-bine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Frae off its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvie staw the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.

In 1790, this song was published, exactly as it stands in the text, in Johnson's Musical Museum, p. 387, with Burns'

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling¹ bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return.²

VAR. ¹ bonie.

² That sings upon the bough,
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause luve was true.

name. The variations in the notes are taken from a copy in the Poet's own hand.

In November, 1794, Burns wrote to Thomson, “ ‘Ye banks and braes o’ bonie Doon;’ this air, I think, might find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his Knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that in a few days, Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the ‘Black keys;’ but this account which I have just given you, Mr. Clarke informed me of several years ago.

“ Now, to show you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish gentleman who affirmed he had heard it in Ireland among the old women; while, on the other hand, a Countess informed me, that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a Baronet’s lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music! I, myself, have lately seen a couple of ballads sung through the streets of Dumfries, with my name at the head of them as the author, though it was the first time I had ever seen them.”

“ According to an Ayrshire ballad,” says Allan Cuning-

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonie bird,
 That sings beside thy mate,
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.
 Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon³ its thorny tree;
 And my fause luv⁴er stole my⁴ rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Upon a morn in June;
 And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
 And sae was pu'd on noon.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.*



NCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy De-
 cember!

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow
 and care;

VAR. ³ Frae aff.

⁴ staw the.

ham, "the heroine was Miss Kennedy, of Dalgarrock, a young creature, beautiful and accomplished, who fell a victim to her love for M'Dougall, of Logan."

* Allan Cunningham says, "Clarinda inspired these verses, and they are worthy of her merits, personal and mental."

Sad¹ was the parting thou makes² me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.
 Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;
 But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever,
 Is anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Since my last hope and my comfort is gone ;
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

VAR. ¹ dire.

² bids.

The following letter, which is now for the first time printed, throws some light on them :

"Dear Madam,—I have written so often to you and have got no answer, that I had resolved never to lift up a pen to you again, but this eventful day, *the sixth of December*, recalls to my memory such a scene ! Heaven and earth ! when I remember a far distant person !—but no more of this, until I learn from you a proper address, and why my letters have lain by you unanswered, as this is the third I have sent you. The opportunities will be all gone now, I fear, of sending over the book I mentioned in my last. Do not write me for a week, as I shall not be at home ; but as soon after that as possible.

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December !
 Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
 Dire was the parting thou bids me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

"Dec. 6, 1792.

"Yours, — B —.

"To Miss Mary Peacock, care of Mrs. Ridley, Jacks Closs, Cannongate, Edinburgh."

BEHOLD THE HOUR.*

TUNE—'ORAN-GAOIL.'

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive !
Thou goest, 'thou darling of my heart :
Sever'd from thee can I survive ?
But fate has will'd, and we must part !
I'll often greet this surging swell ;
Yon distant isle will often hail :
" E'en here I took the last farewell ;
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowls round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
" Happy, thou Indian grove," I'll say,
" Where now my Nancy's path may be !
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me ?"

* Burns wrote to Thomson in September, 1793, "The [following] song I have composed for 'Oran-gaoil,' the Highland air that you tell me, in your last, you have resolved to give a place to in your book. I have this moment finished the song; so you have it glowing from the mint. If it suit you, well! if not, 'tis also well!"

WILLIE'S WIFE.*

TUNE—'TIBBIE FOWLER IN THE GLEN.'

ILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' onie bodie ;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an ee, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour ;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whiskin beard about her mou,
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;
 Sic a wife, &c.

* Allan Cunningham suggests that the hero of this song owes his name to that doughty personage who replied to the summons of Oliver Cromwell :

I'm Willie o' the Wastle,
 I'll keep in my castle ;

and that the heroine was the wife of a farmer who lived near Burns at Ellisland, of whom he relates some anecdotes which show that she was a half crazy termagant.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter ;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter :
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther ;
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin ;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion ;
 Her walie nieves like midden creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;

Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

AFTON WATER.*

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy
 green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
 praise ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

* Afton is a small stream in Ayrshire, one of the tributaries to the Nith. Burns presented a copy of this song to his patroness, Mrs. Stewart, which Allan Cunningham says he had seen.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the
glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds' in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills ;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear
wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE?*

TUNE—'MY MOTHER'S AYE GLOWRING O'ER ME.'



LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvour, beggar loons to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
Kings and nations, swith awa!
Reif randies, I disown ye!

BONIE BELL.



HE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surely Winter grimly flies:
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.

* The Jeanie of this song was Mrs. Burns.

Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging
 I adore my bonie Bell.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

TUNE—'THE HIGHLAND WATCH'S FAREWELL.'

Y heart is sair, I dare na tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I could wake a winter night,
 For the sake o' somebody.
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody !
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh-hon ! for somebody !
 Oh-hey ! for somebody !
 I wad do—what wad I not ?
 For the sake o' somebody !

O MAY, THY MORN.



MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
 As the mirk night o' December ;
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And private was the chamber :
 And dear was she I dare na name,
 But I will aye remember.
 And dear, &c.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
 Can push about the jorum ;
 And here's to them that wish us weel,
 May a' that's guid watch o'er them ;
 And here's to them we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum.
 And here's to, &c.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.*



THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas !
 And aye the saut tear blins her ee :

* This song is supposed to be the lament of an orphan, whose father and brothers were slain at the Battle of Culloden, which was fought on Drumossie Moor. The first four lines are from an old song.

Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
 A waefu' day it was to me ;
 For there I lost-my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see ;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee !
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
 For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—' WISHAW'S FAVOURITE.'



MY luve's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June :
 O, my luve's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
 So deep in luve am I :
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
 I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
 And fare thee weel awhile!
 And I will come again, my luve,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?*

TUNE—'THE BONIE LASS IN YON TOWN.'



WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
 The fairest dame's in yon town,
 That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree:
 How blest, ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her ee!

* The subject of this song was Mrs. Oswald, of Auchincruive, formerly Miss Lucy Johnstone. She died in the prime of life, at Lisbon, and is described by Mr. Thomson, as a most accomplished, and most lovely woman, and well worthy of the poet's admiration. To Mr. Syme, Burns says, "You know that among other high dignities, you have the honour to be my supreme court of critical judicature, from which there is no appeal. I enclose you a song which I composed since I saw you, and am going to give you the history of it. Do you know that among much that I admire in the characters and manners of those great folks whom I have now the honour to call my acquaintances, the Oswald family, there is nothing charms me more than Mr. O.'s unconcealable attachment to that incomparable woman. Did you ever, my dear Syme, meet with a man who owed more

How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year,
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear !

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonie braes of Ayr ;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Tho' raging winter rent the air ;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

to the Divine Giver of all good things than Mr. O.? A fine fortune; a pleasing exterior; self-evident amiable dispositions, and an ingenuous upright mind, and that informed too, much beyond the usual run of young fellows of his rank and fortune; and to all this, such a woman!—but of her I shall say nothing at all, in despair of saying anything adequate: in my song, I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be his feelings on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I in my first fervour thought of sending it to Mrs. O.; but on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect might from the well-known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification or other of that servility which my soul abhors.”

O sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon ;
 A fairer than's in yon town,
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear ;
 I careless quit aught else below,
 But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
 And she—as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

A VISION.*

TUNE—'CUMNOCK PSALMS.'



S I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa' flower scents the dewy
 air,
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy
 bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care ;

* This fragment was founded on a Poem by Allan Ramsay. The scenery is from nature. The Poet is supposed to be musing on the banks of the river Clouden, by the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, founded by a lord of Galloway, in the reign of Malcolm IV. The variations, which are from a copy in Burns' autograph, agree with the version printed in Johnson's Museum, with the exception of the fifth and sixth verses in the text, which occur neither in the MS. nor in the Museum.

CHORUS.

A lassie, all alone was making her moan,
 Lamenting our lads beyond the sea :
 In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honour's
 gane an' a',
 And broken-hearted we maun die :

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot alang the sky ;
 The fox¹ was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream,² adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase distant roarings swell³ and fa'

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din ;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

⁴By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And, by the moon-beam, shook to see
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

VAR. ¹ tod.² burn.³ seem'd to rise.

⁴ Now looking over firth and fauld,
 Her horn the pale faced Cynthia rear'd,
 When lo, in form of minstrel auld
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

VOL. II.

Y

Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin look had daunted¹ me;
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain
 The sacred posy—Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
 But oh, it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
 He weeping wail'd his latter times;
 But what he said it was nae play,
 I winna venture't in my rhymes.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.*

TUNE—'THE LASS OF LIVINGSTONE.'²



WERT thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

VAR. ¹ dauntin.

² 'The Robin came to Wren's nest.'

* It is said that Mrs. Riddel was the heroine of this song. It occurs in Thomson's Collection, vol. iv. p. 26, with Burns' name. The variations are from a copy in the Poet's own hand.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Of earth and air, of earth and air,¹
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The only² jewel in my crown,
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.*

TUNE—"THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDY."



AE gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my Muse's care;
 Their titles a' are empty show;
 Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

VAR. ¹ Mr. Thomson has substituted, for this line, in the MS.:

'Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,'

which has been followed in every edition, except that *bleak* is printed *black*.

² brightest.

* Burns composed these verses in early life. The object of his affection was Mary Campbell, a native of Campbell Town, in Argyllshire, whose memory he commemorated in the touching lines, "To Mary in Heaven." She was a dairy-maid in the service of Colonel Montgomery, at Coilsfield. Burns in a note on a copy of these verses which he gave to Mr. Riddell, says, "This was a composition of mine in very

CHORUS.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine !
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ;
But while my crimson currents flow
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,

early life, before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm hearted charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had since resided, until she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness. For the sake of this, and similar anecdotes, Mr. Riddel will keep these volumes solely for his private perusal."

For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
 For her I'll dare the distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my Highland lassie, O.
 Within thy glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honour's band !
 Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O !
 Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O !
 To other lands I now must go,
 To sing my Highland lassie, O !

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

OCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss,
 O'er the mountains he is gane ;
 And with him is a' my bliss,
 Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleets and beating rain !
 Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome ee,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be !

He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name ;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

PEGGY'S CHARMS.*

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm ;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art ;
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye ;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay !

* Of this song, Miss Margaret Chalmers was the heroine. See p. 279, ante. Burns wrote to Johnson, that he had a strong private reason for wishing it inserted in the second volume of the *Museum*.

The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look that rage disarms,
 These are all immortal charms.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.*

CHORUS.

UP in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Could blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the morning, &c.

* Burns says, "The Chorus of this song is old; the two stanzas are mine."

THO' CRUEL FATE.*



HO' cruel fate should bid us part,
 As far's the pole and line ;
 Her dear idea round my heart
 Should tenderly entwine.

Tho' mountains frown and deserts howl,
 And oceans roar between ;
 Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
 I still would love my Jean.

.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS
WERE SPRINGING.†

DREAM'D I lay where flowers were
 springing
 Gaily in the sunny beam ;
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,

By a falling, crystal stream :
 Straight the sky grew black and daring ;
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave ;
 Trees with aged arms were warring,
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

* Mrs. Burns is supposed to have been the subject of this song, which was written when fate seemed to forbid their union. It occurs among the Poet's private memoranda in August, 1785.

† Burns says, "These two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen ; and are among the oldest of my printed pieces."

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ;
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
 A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
 Tho' fickle fortune has deceived me,
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;
 Of monie a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

BONIE ANN.*.



B gallants bright, I red you right,
 Beware o' bonie Ann :
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
 Your heart she will trepan.
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan ;
 Sae jimpy lac'd her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van ;
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonie Ann.

* "I composed this song," says Burns, "out of compliment to Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Allan Masterton, the author of the air of Strathallan's Lament, and two or three others in this work." He was "Allan" of the "three merry boys" of the "Peck o' Maut." She is now, says Mr. Allan Cunningham, Mrs. Derbishire, and resides in London.

The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man :
 Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
 Beware o' bonie Ann.

MY BONIE MARY.*



O fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonie lassie.
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith ;
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry ;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready ;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;

* On sending these verses to Mrs. Dunlop, in December 1788, Burns said, after expressing his love of old Scottish songs, "Now I am on my hobby horse, I cannot help inserting two other old stanzas, which please me mightily." But in his notes to the Museum he observes, "This air is Oswald's; the first half stanza of the song is old, the rest is mine." Burns' name is not attached to the piece in the Museum, though it occurs to the next song. Mr. Allan Cunningham conjectures, that the whole of it was written by Burns, and adds, that "it is said to have been composed out of compliment to the feelings of a young officer about to embark for a foreign shore, whose ship rode by the Berwick-law, and who was accompanied to the Pier of Leith by a young lady,—the bonie Mary of the song."

But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry ;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.*

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
 not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing
 the deer ;

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here :
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

* "The first half-stanza of this song," Burns says, "is old, the rest is mine."

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.*

TUNE—'NEIL GOW'S LAMENT.'



HERE'S a youth in this city, it were a
 great pity,
 That he from our lasses should wander
 awa ;
 For he's bonie and braw, weel favour'd witha',
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
 His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue ;
 His focket† is white as the new-driven snaw ;
 His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
 His coat is the hue, &c.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin ;
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted and
 braw ;
 But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
 The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailin, that fain wad a haen
 him,
 And Susy whase daddy was Laird o' the ha' ;
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
 —But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

* Burns states, that "this air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it a Lament for his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old, the rest is mine."

† Focket, an under waistcoat with sleeves.

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.*

TUNE—'EAST NOOK O' FIFE.'



WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
 Wha will tent me when I cry?
 Wha will kiss me whare I lie?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the faut?
 Wha will buy my groanin maut?
 Wha will tell me how to ca't?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
 Wha will sit beside me there?
 Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain?
 Wha will kiss me o'er again?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

* "I composed this song," says Burns, "pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud." The person supposed to make the inquiries in this song, was Elizabeth Paton, by whom Burns had his "sonsie smirking Bess," in the autumn of 1786, about whom and the "wee Lady," enough has been said in a former note. It has been collated with a copy in the Poet's own hand.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.*



DO confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been o'er the lugs in luve;
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak, thy heart could
 muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favours are the silly wind
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud rich in dew,
 Amang its native briers sae coy,
 How soon it tines its scent and hue
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,
 Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while;
 Yet soon thou shalt be thrown aside,
 Like onie common weed and vile.

* Burns says, "This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland. The poem is to be found in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, the earliest collection printed in Scotland.—I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress."

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.*



ON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and
 wide,
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o'
 the Clyde,
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather
 to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his
 reed:
 Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors;
 For there, by a lanely, sequester'd clear stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilkstream foaming down its ain green narrow strath;
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
 While o'er us unheeded, fly the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
 O' nice education but sma' is her share;
 Her parentage humble as humble can be;
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

* "This song," says Burns, "alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know." Allan Cunningham suggests, that "the heroine is another 'Nannie,' who dwelt near the Lugar, or 'Highland Mary,' most likely the former, for he always spoke out when he alluded to Mary."

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
 They dazzle our een, as they fly to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond spark-
 ling ee,
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
 And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her
 arms,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?*

WHA is that at my bower door?
 O wha is it but Findlay ;
 Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here !
 Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
 What mak ye sae like a thief?
 O come and see, quo' Findlay ;
 Before the morn ye'll work mischief ;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in ;
 Let me in, quo' Findlay ;
 Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din ;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

* Printed in the Musical Museum. Burns says, " This tune is also known by the name of 'Lass, an' I come near thee.' The words are mine."

In my bower if ye should stay ;
 Let me stay, quo' Findlay ;
 I fear ye'll bide till break o' day ;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain ;
 I'll remain, quo' Findlay ;
 I dread ye'll learn the gate again ;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
 What may pass within this bower—
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay ;
 Ye maun conceal till your last hour ;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.*



E fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
 thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;

* Allan Cunningham says, "It is believed that these beautiful verses, which are printed in Cromek's Reliques, were inspired by the fair Clarinda."

But to see her, was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.*

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

THE BONIE BLINK O' MARY'S EE !†

OW bank an' brae are claith'd in greer
 An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring
 By Girvan's fairy haunted stream
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.
 To Cassillis' banks when e'ening fa's,
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,

* These four lines were selected by Byron for the motto to the "Giaour."

† In Thomson's Collection.

There catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonie blink o' Mary's ee!

The chield wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary she is a' my ain,
Ah, fortune canna gie me mair!
Then let me range by Cassillis' banks
Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonie blink o' Mary's ee!

OUT OVER THE FORTH.*



UT over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its High-
lands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my
breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

* On the 12th March, 1791, Burns wrote to Cunningham,
"So good night to you! Sound be your sleep, and delectable your dreams! *Apropos*, how do you like this thought in a ballad, I have just now on the tapis?"

I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west is he I lo'e best—
The lad that is dear to my baby and me!"

It was printed by Cromek.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

END OF VOL. II.





